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Christmas Contents 1953

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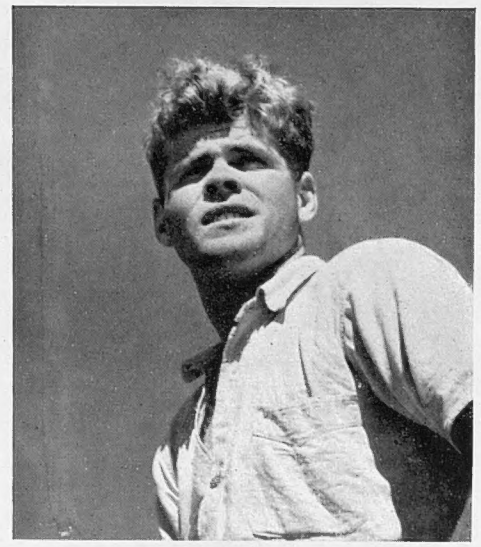

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Please send a Christmas Gift to help towards the £30 each child costs to prepare and equip for overseas.

This appeal is made through the generosity of a friend to prevent possible curtailment of the Society's work.

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Director: W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.

38 Holland Villas Road, Kensington, London, W.14. Tel: Park 6822

THINKING OF OTHERS

People and Cause

The Shaftesbury Homes.—This society was founded in 1843, when a young man called Williams resolved to spend his days raising the standard of life, both physically and spiritually, for poor boys and girls. Later, with the help of Lord Shaftesbury, a training ship, the "Arethusa", was acquired to train boys for the Royal Navy. In 100 years, over 39,000 children have been given a chance to make good, and to learn the way of service. The maintenance of the 900 children now in the Schools and Training Ship is entirely dependent on Voluntary contributions. Legacies and donations will be received with real gratitude at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The Christmas Seal.—Millions of people to-day use Christmas seals on letters and parcels. These bring a cheerful message, but behind each one is a deeper meaning, for they are sold in aid of the Funds of the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS. This is a Voluntary body working to eradicate this disease by promoting methods of prevention, assisting the exchange of ideas among doctors, and undertaking research and education. If you and your friends will buy the Christmas Seals you will assist this vital work. They cost 4/- per 100, coloured Christmas cards are 6d. each. These can be bought from the Chairman, N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

The East End Calling.—The aim of THE EAST END MISSION is simple but compelling—to bring the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number. Its eight churches and centres in the East End are open to all. There is also a Home by the sea for old people and convalescents, playing-fields in Essex, Clubs for young wives and mothers. In all these, material and spiritual comfort go hand-in-hand. The Rev. John Roberts, superintendent of the Mission, is waiting hopefully at 583, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1, to receive your Christmas gifts, which will enable him to "fill the stockings" of all members of his enormous East End family.

S.O.S. for Sailors.—THE ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY FOR SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN AND MARINERS was founded over 100 years ago by two men who were appalled by the tragic loss of life in the wrecks of fishing boats on the north coast of Devon. Its main objects are to aid shipwrecked mariners of all nations cast destitute on the coast of the British Isles, and to help their dependants. Since 1839 the Society has assisted 1,059,473 fishermen, mariners, and their families. To all who love our Island coasts we appeal this Christmastide. Gifts and Legacies will be gratefully received at the Central Office, 16, Wilfred Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Ever-Open Door.—During eighty-seven years more than 143,000 destitute children have been welcomed through the "Ever-Open Door" of DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, to be housed, clothed, fed, educated, and trained for careers. To-day the Homes support 7,000 children, and the work embraces Hospitals, Convalescent Homes, and Training Schools. There are 109 Homes in the British Isles, two Homes and a Farm School in Australia. This world-famous organisation is not nationalised, and depends on your interest and generosity. Gifts and Legacies will be welcomed at 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

LOST AT SEA

Immediate Relief Grants

are made to meet the needs of the dependents of seamen and fishermen by the

SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY

which also cares for survivors of shipwrecks round our coasts, and encourages thrift by its Mariner Membership.

Please help this National Work

by a Donation to the Secretary,

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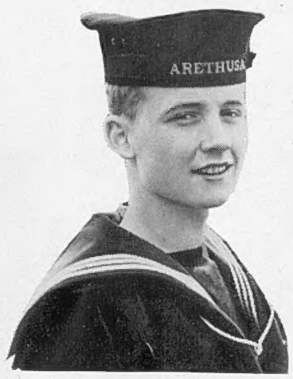

We are neither nationalised nor subsidised. The ever rising cost of living causes us great anxiety. We need **your** help in our work of caring for and training 800 boys and girls to be good citizens.

Please send a Christmas Donation..

TO: THE SECRETARY,
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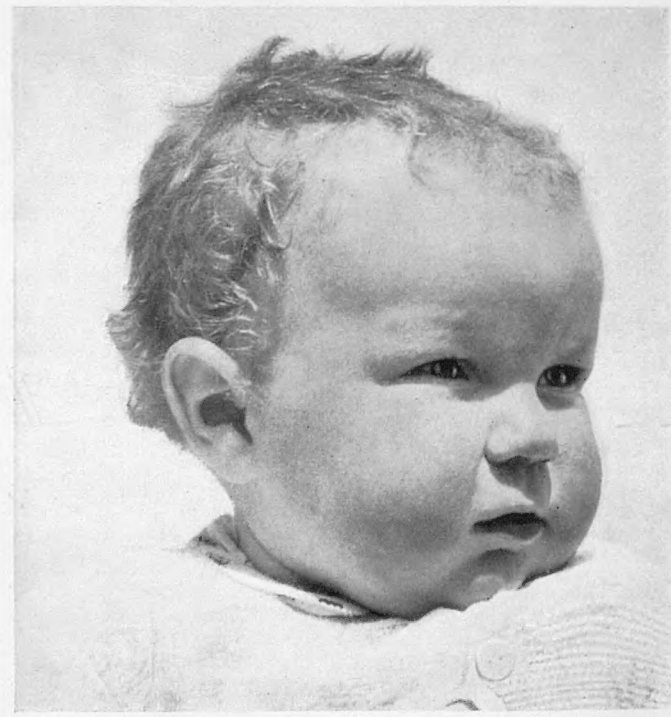

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

(Still depend on Your support)

7,000 children in our care are hoping you will be their Father Christmas. Please remember them.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of any amount will be warmly welcomed.

10/- would help to feed our family

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes", should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

which need your help

Church Moral Aid.—THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION is the special Church of England Body responsible for the sympathetic handling of moral welfare work among women and girls under the jurisdiction of the Established Church. It assists committees to found Rescue Homes, and acts as custodian trustee for properties. In addition it gives maintenance grants annually to all Homes which are in league with the Association. Every penny received by way of subscriptions or donations is distributed. Please send a Christmas gift to the Secretary, CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION, 20, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.1.

The Fairbridge Story.—Forty-three years ago the young Oxford student, Kingsley Fairbridge, founded his "Society for the Furtherance of Child Emigration to the Colonies." To-day there are Fairbridge Farms Schools in all parts of the Commonwealth where children from overcrowded cities of the British Isles learn the business of farming in wonderful surroundings. Will you celebrate this Christmas by helping to raise the sum of £30 which will outfit and send one city waif to a new and happy life in the Commonwealth? Even the smallest sum helps and will be very gratefully received by the Secretary, THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY, 38, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund.—In its Laboratories at Mill Hill and Lincoln's Inn Fields, this society works unceasingly, unwearyingly, to keep abreast of scientific development in the stamping out of this most dreaded disease. The Fund is not state-aided, and is entirely dependent on Voluntary gifts. At this Christmas-tide may we ask your help in a fight which is vital to human life? Please send gifts to THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND, Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

"The Likes of Her."—They call her Grannie at THE SALVATION ARMY'S Local "Goodwill" Centre. She has had a hard life, and now—at the age of eighty-three—lives in a basement in East London, getting about as well as a wooden leg will allow. Last Christmas Day, after a happy day at the centre, a helper—herself a poor woman—took Grannie home in a taxi because she was tired. When she asked the fare the driver shook his head. "If you can do so much for the likes of her, I can do this for you," he said. Grannie is one of thousands who—every year—spend Christmas as guests of the Army. Please help to give them a happy day. Your gifts should be sent to General Orsborn, 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Christmas in the Family.—There is no time when children are more in our thoughts than at Christmas, and if—in these austere days—this sets a strain on the family purse it is borne gladly. But THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY has to strain the purse beyond possibilities if it is to provide extra Christmas fare for its gigantic family of 5,000. To clothe and feed these motherless and fatherless children we depend upon the Voluntary support of kindly folk. If we can give them extra happiness this Christmas it will be due to your generosity, and to your understanding of a child's dreams. Please help to make their dreams come true. Our address is The Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

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to the Greatest possible number, is the aim of our Mission; taking

The Gospel Message to the people "who are without,"

Practical Comfort to those who are in need, and

Training the Young to keen, Christian citizenship,

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In the Sisterhoods hundreds of women gather regularly and

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The Rev. JOHN ROBERTS, Superintendent, will be grateful for your help. Gifts should be sent to him at 583E, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

The East End Mission

Thank you Santa Claus!

But... please don't forget the others!

There are nearly 5,000 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- Will help to provide Xmas-fare for one child

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON
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For Christmas to be Christmas...

... there must be so many things. Carols, presents, stockings, puddings, a tree ... and, for young and old alike, a feeling of home, of being with people who love and understand. No one in our care goes short of this last ingredient; but will you help us to see that the others are there too, for all in our great family? Christmas gifts will be most gratefully received by General Albert Orsborn, 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED

for

Moral Welfare Work among Women, Girls and Children

For over 100 years the Church Moral Aid Association has been actively engaged in this work.
It assists Committees to found Homes.
Acts as Custodian Trustees for properties.
Helps old and needy workers.
Gives maintenance grants annually to Homes in Union, also gives bursaries towards the training of workers.

Fullest particulars will be gladly supplied by the Secretary

CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION
(formerly Church Penitentiary Association)
20 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1

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President—The Rt. Hon. The EARL of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

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Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

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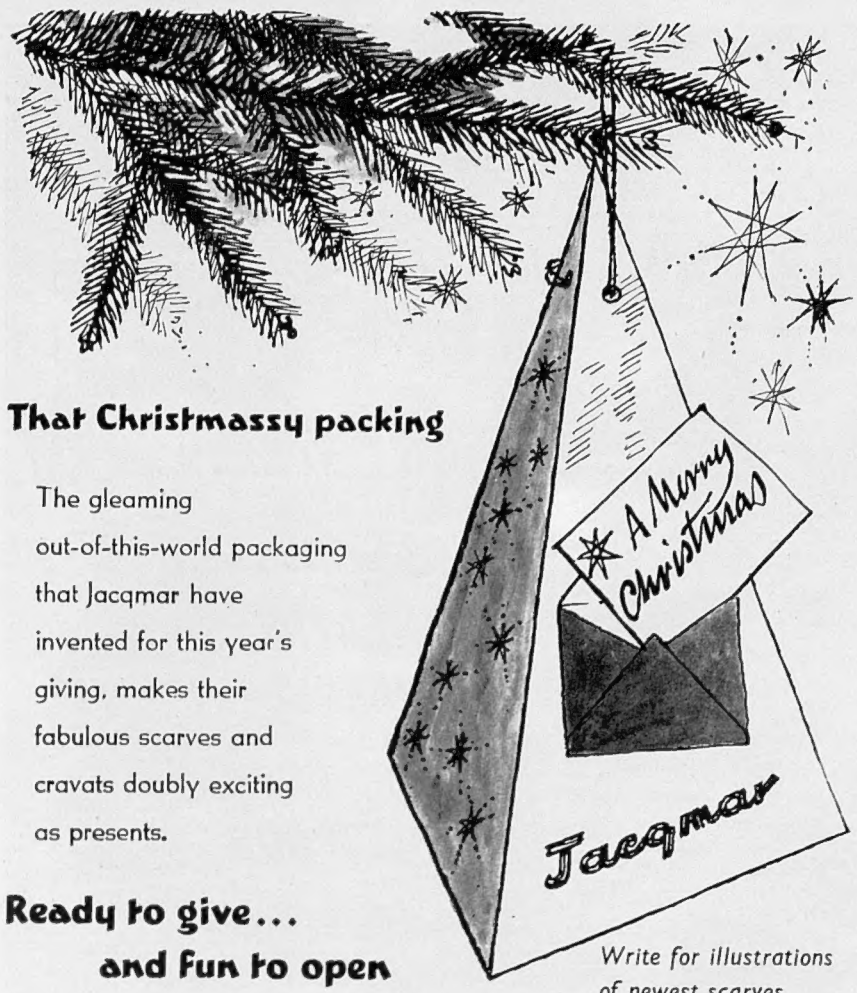

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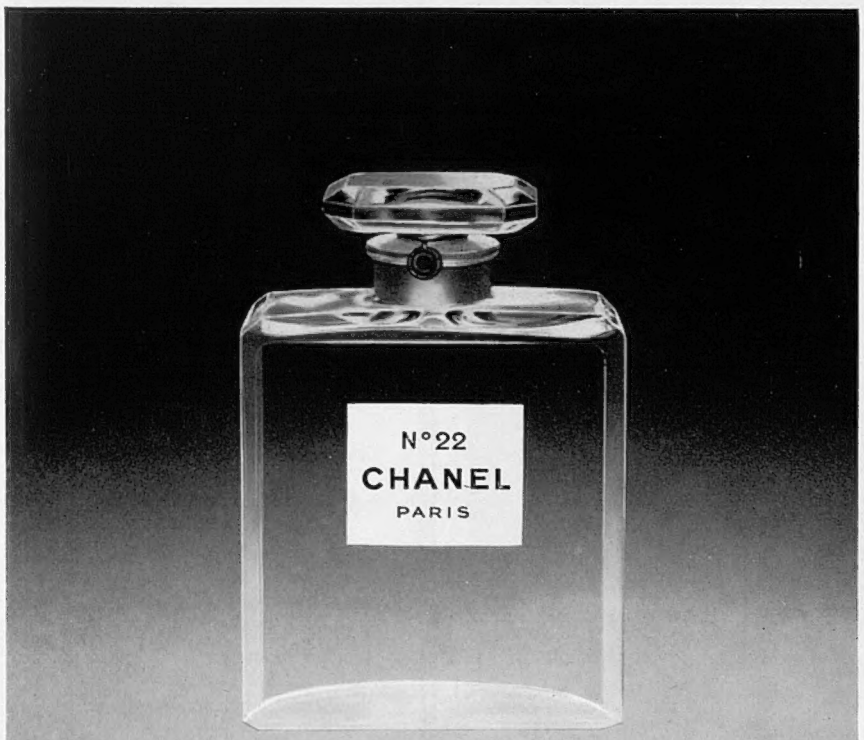

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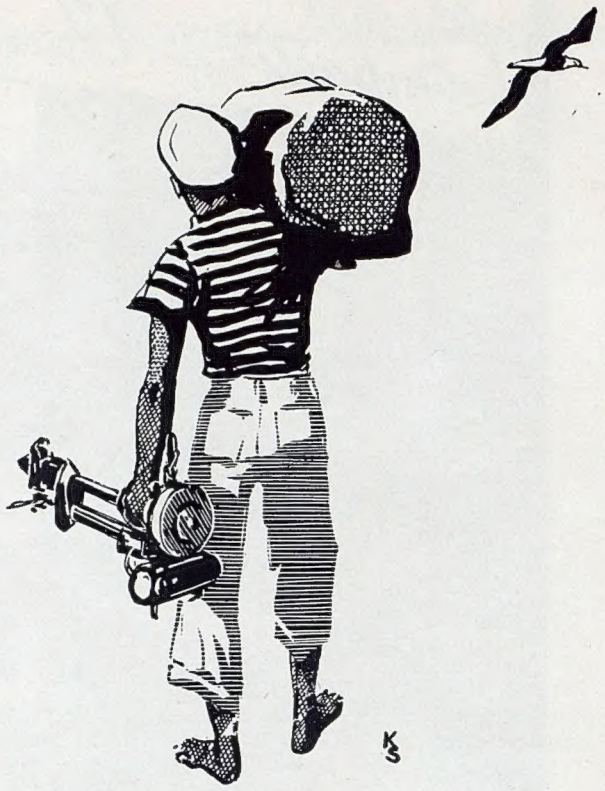

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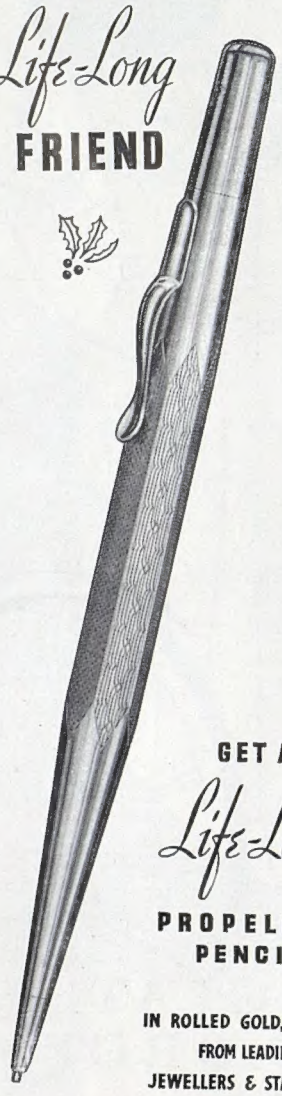

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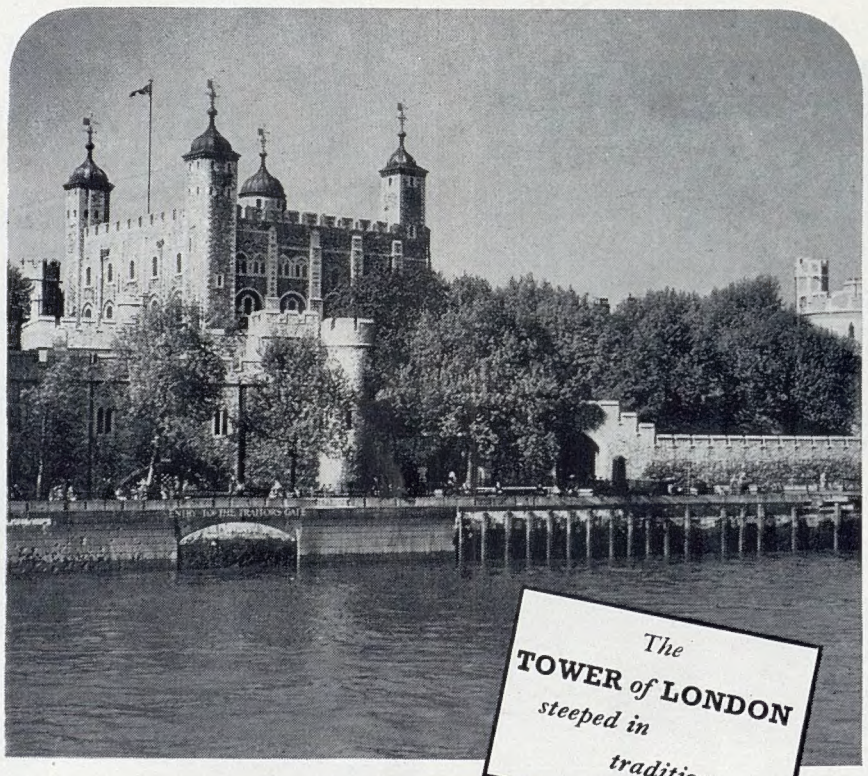

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ROGUES

JOHN CARTER, *whose childhood nickname "The King of Prussia" stuck throughout his life, led an eighteenth century family group of smugglers in what he always regarded as a legitimate trade. He has been described as one of the most clever and daring free-traders Cornwall has ever known. He cut the road to "Prussia Cove," made it an ideal place for smuggling, fortified it with cannon and built a house on the cliffs above. John Carter was one of the most popular men of his time. He was a man of principle who never harmed a soul.*

JACK RATTENBURY, *the Rob Roy of the West, born in 1775. A bold bad Devonian but a likeable rogue, idolised by the countryfolk. Time and time again his smuggling activities were interrupted by the Law, and Jack was "prest" into the Navy or flung into jail. But he always escaped and continued smuggling.*

a dance from the lady it carried. "They danced, and here it was that Duval performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great riding boots." It is said that when he was hung at Tyburn, many a husband sighed with relief.

"SIXTEEN STRING JACK" RANN, *so-called from the silken cords of that number at his breeches knees. An eighteenth century brazen dandy of a highwayman, very popular with ladies. Brought before Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, "his irons were tied up and decorated with blue ribands, and he had a bundle of flowers affixed to the breast of his coat . . ." He never troubled to conceal his identity except during business hours and once, during an execution at Tyburn, he pushed his way through the crowd to get a better view, explaining that in the circumstances it was very proper that he should be a spectator. When eventually Jack was sent to Tyburn he met his death bravely, dressed in a brand new pea-green suit, and with his sixteen strings fluttering at his knees.*

The LEEDS LONDON COACH

James Pollard was one of the liveliest recorders of coaching scenes, and many of his paintings of coaches and of hunting and sporting scenes were reproduced as prints. The two pictures (painted at different times) on this page show the Leeds-London coach passing a country "place" and another approaching London's outskirts at Highgate Archway. They are reproduced by permission of M. Bernard of Ryder Street, St. James's.

Coachmen of the 19th century led a hard life, but they were well paid, sometimes making as much as £400 in a year. They received 2s. for every 50 miles, but would often pick up a good tip. St. Martin-le-Grand was a great terminus for coaches in London and, often, over 50 could be seen leaving there for various destinations in England, Scotland and Wales. Londoners would gather to see them set off, much as they now watch the traffic at London Airport. Many of the famous Pollard prints were published by the family business, R. Pollard & Sons, of Holloway. Pollard died in Chelsea in 1867, aged 75.

EDINBURGH CASTLE from the GRASSMARKET by T. M. RICHARDSON

This *View of Edinburgh Castle* was painted in 1822 and reintroduced Thomas Miles Richardson to the Royal Academy after an interval of eight years, when he was working in the north of England and in Scotland. It shows the castle from the south-east corner where Candlemaker Row and the head of the Cowgate converge on the Grassmarket. None of the buildings in the picture remain now, and the slope of the rock is broken by Johnston Terrace, which was built between 1825 and 1836 and which was formerly known as the New Western Approach to the Old Town. "Old Tom," as Richardson was known to distinguish him from his son, T. M. Richardson, junior (who was to become more distinguished than his father as a water-colour painter and who worked concurrently with him for sixteen years), was born in Newcastle in 1784. His father was a schoolmaster and the family had little money to start their children in life. T. M. Richardson tried several careers, including engraving, cabinet-making and surgery. In 1808, he came to London, where, seeing a drawing by David Cox in a shop window, he decided to become a painter. In later years, he said that he would buy that picture at any price, since it was the incentive to his own success. He returned to Newcastle where he spent several years as a drawing master in his late father's school. He learnt much during that period and painted a large *View of Newcastle* which was bought by the Municipality. About the same time, 1814, he was first accepted by the Royal Academy. After 1822, when the *View of Edinburgh Castle* was hung, he was to have another eleven pictures accepted as well as twenty-two by the British Institution and another nineteen by the Society of Artists.

Treasure Island Fantasy

A quiet inn, the *Admiral Benbow*, a handy cove and a "pleasant sittyated grog-shop"; altogether a likely berth for the old seaman with a scar on one cheek, a huge sea-chest and a load of trouble for young Jim Hawkins and his mother. "You mought call me captain," he says. And Jim, between serving him rum, must keep a weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg. Shades of Captain Flint! Portents of doubloons and pieces of eight!

All day long the aged buccaneer hangs round the cove or on the cliffs with his brass telescope. Every evening he sits in the corner of the parlour, drinking rum and water, blowing his nose like a fog-horn, and singing wild and wicked songs of the sea:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Then comes Black Dog, a pale tallowy creature, wearing a cutlass and wanting two fingers of the left hand. Black Dog in search of the captain and the secrets of his sea-chest. And before you can say "knife," here's Black Dog in full flight, the captain hotly pursuing, and Black Dog streaming blood from his left shoulder.

Shake out another reef captain! Daddle 'em again! They'll get the Black Spot on you yet! The Black Spot, that deadly summons which old blind Pew, his stick tap-tap-tapping, carries down to the *Admiral Benbow* to serve on you. Silence there between decks! The thing is done, and old Pew skips nimbly out of the parlour leaving the captain with the Black Spot and death by thundering apoplexy.

Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! The old pirate's dead and his bill's unpaid. There's a key on a string around his neck, the key to the sea-chest which Jim and his mother soon have open. Inside: a quadrant, tobacco, pistols, guineas, doubloons, louis-d'ors; and a

package tied up in oilskin. This and sufficient money for the bill Jim and his mother seize and hurry off with before Master Pew and his rascals return to search the inn. "They've been here before us, Pew. Someone's turned the chest out alow and aloft." Only the arrival of the revenue officers save Jim and his mother from the rage of the blind buccaneer.

Stand by to go about! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

Flint's map of Treasure Island! That was the contents of the oilskin package in the sea-chest; that was the booty the pirates had sought at the *Admiral Benbow*. Flint's map in Flint's fist; Flint, the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed. And now Jim's friends, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey, have a sweet schooner fitted out—the *Hispaniola*. Captain Smollet in command and Jim as cabin boy, off to search for the wealth of Treasure Island. Long John Silver among the motley crew; Long John with one leg and a gaudy parrot swearing blue fire. A bird maybe two hundred years old—"they lives for ever mostly."

Gentlemen of fortune on board the *Hispaniola*. Jim in the apple barrel and conspiracy outside. Long John, who'd look remarkably well from a yardarm, planning mutiny and murder. Soon ashore on Treasure Island, with Jim's friends besieged in the fort by the mutineers, and Jim off through the woods hobnobbing with marooned Ben Gunn. Lay 'em athwart there! Dead men don't bite!

The schooner *Hispaniola*, with villainous Israel Hands on board, lies in the fairway wearing the Jolly Roger. Short work for Jim to cut her cable and set her adrift. But high adventure again and Jim's swept out to sea in his flimsy boat, to find the schooner derelict with wounded Hands the only soul alive on board. The boy and wounded man sail her to the North Inlet, but, O treachery! here's Jim pinned to the mizzen by Hands's dagger—Hands, who falls before Jim's pistols head first into the water. Bring up alongside Jim! Breach him to young Hawkins!

The struggle's over and Silver's well belayed. But no hornpipe at a rope's end for John, stem to stem with the Squire again. 'Bout ship John! For you there's only the burden of dead men hanging like millstones round your neck, but better that than Execution Dock.

The treasure's found: Great heaps of coin—English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges, and Louises, doubloons and double guineas, moidores and sequins; strange Oriental pieces, round and square. And quadrilaterals built of bars of gold! Flint's treasure won in many a bloody piracy. Flint's hoard that old Gunn had watched over for three long and lonely years.

Homeward bound, the graceful *Hispaniola* sails at last. Five men only of those who sailed return with her. The bones of the lost lie whitening in the sun of Treasure Island, where oxen and wain-ropes would not bring young Jim again, where the surf still pounds the tropic coasts and where ghosts of dead men lie listening to the echoes of Long John's parrot screaming: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

The Legend of Sir Perceval

by F. Cadogan Cowper, R.A.

It is 54 years since Frank Cadogan Cowper first exhibited at the Royal Academy at the age of 21. A Royal Academician since 1934, he still exhibits regularly and had three pictures in this year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, including the brilliantly painted *The Legend of Sir Perceval,* which is reproduced above. The picture illustrates the incident from Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* in which he describes Sir Perceval, the gallant young knight of King Arthur, when about to succumb to the fascinations of the false enchantress. Sir Perceval is recalled to the realization of his position by seeing the hilt of his own sword, which is in the form of a cross, lit up by the setting sun. This turns his thoughts to higher things; whereupon the temptress with a loud shriek vanishes with all her magical works!

HIGHLAND WINTER

Above :
BEN NEVIS FROM CORPACH, LOOKING ACROSS LOCH EIL. This spectacular view of the highest peak in the British Isles was taken on a sunny winter's day. The view from the summit of Ben Nevis stretches for about a hundred miles except where it is bounded in the north-east by the Cairngorms. In the foreground of this picture lies Loch Eil, the north-western arm of Loch Linnhe.

Below :
WINTER IN THE CAIRNGORMS. The view is towards Lairig Ghru Pass above Rothiemurchus Forest, on Speyside. The Cairngorms, part of the Grampians, lying between Aviemore and Braemar, form the highest mountain group in Great Britain, with six peaks of over 4,000 ft. In winter the range becomes a centre for British ski-ing and provides sportsmen with some good runs.

The Canterbury Pilgrims approach

Portrait of a

The beauty of Canterbury etchings by

MR. W. P. ROBINS has captured the quiet beauty of the ancient Cathedral city of Canterbury in the etchings which are reproduced on these pages. Studying them, it is difficult to realise that in May 1942 disaster came when German bombers attacked and devastated a considerable area. The precincts were ringed with high-explosive bombs, yet the Cathedral escaped miraculously. Damage was, nevertheless, considerable, and the Cathedral Library was totally destroyed.

But violence is nothing new in the history of the Cathedral city, which was a flourishing town as far back as the Roman occupation. Several times it withstood the Danish assaults. In the sack of 1011 some 7,000 townspeople fell. Archbishop Alphege was taken prisoner. At Greenwich, in the following year, he was murdered and his body was not returned to Canterbury for ten years. In 1067 the original Roman church was badly damaged in a great fire. A new Cathedral and Benedictine Abbey was built by Archbishop Lanfranc between 1070 and 1077. In 1170 St. Thomas à Becket was murdered. In 1174 another great fire occurred and reduced the "glorious Choir" to ruins. New buildings, begun by a Frenchman, William of Sens, were completed in 1184 by William the Englishman.

The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity was the first basilican church given by King Ethelbert to St. Augustine in 597.

Canterbury Cathedral—the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity of Christchurch

Butchery Lane leads from the High Street to the Cathedral

The Cathedral as it is seen from St. Edmund's School

the shrine of St. Thomas.

St. Augustine's Abbey, the first Benedictine Abbey in England, is contemporary with the Cathedral. The Great Gate, illustrated below, was built by Abbot Fyndon in 1300; and permission was granted to him in 1308 to crenellate the towers.

The West Gate, the one remaining of the original seven gates of Canterbury, also illustrated here, was built by Archbishop Sudbury between 1375 and 1381. It is an especially well-preserved town gateway. Of two stories and flanked by drum towers, it is now a museum. The roof provides a fine viewpoint of the city.

Many traces of the Roman occupation have come to light in Canterbury, notably the mosaic floors in Butchery Lane. The main part of the Roman settlement was on the eastern bank of the River Stour and covered an area of about 40 acres. Another survival is the well-known Dane John, one of the ancient burial mounds which date back to the first and second centuries. They were the burial-places of rich Belgic and Romano-British merchants.

Canterbury has many attractions for the student of the English scene. The Cricket Week is one of the most popular in the country, and races are run on Barham Down. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales *records the journey from Southwark to the shrine of St. Thomas of a group of pilgrims which included the author. It was on one of the hills which surround the city—Harbledown—that the Canterbury Pilgrims made their last stopping-place.*

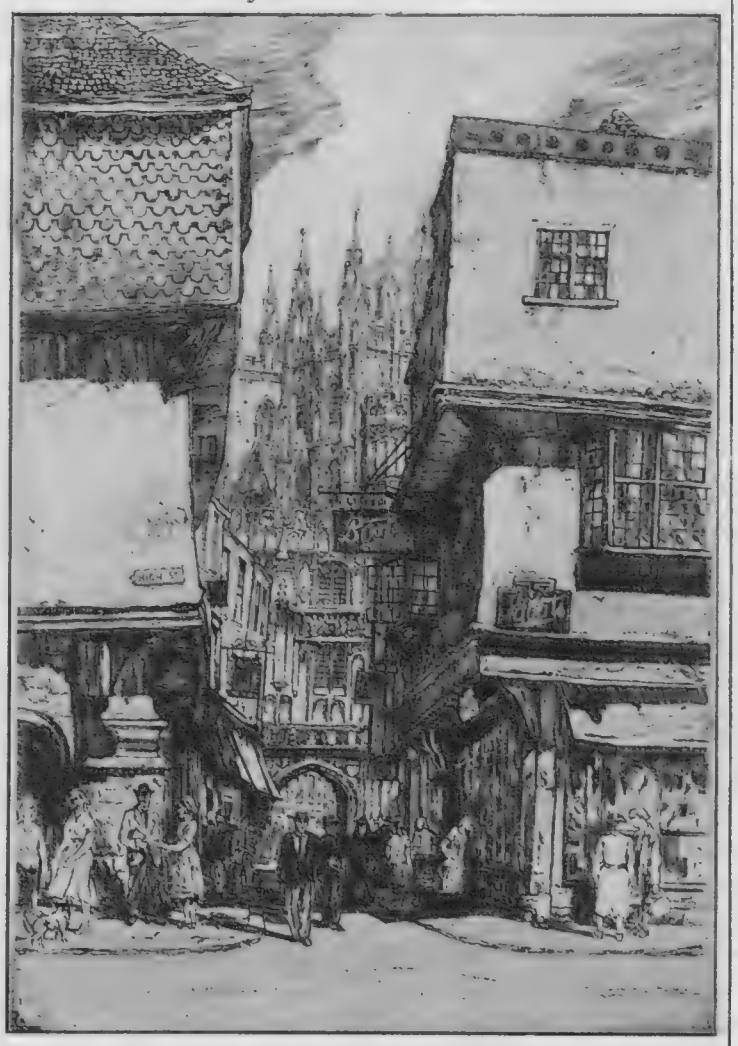
The West Gate, built by Archbishop Sudbury between 1375 and 1381.

Cathedral City

depicted in a series of

W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S., R.E.

The Great Gate of St. Augustine's Abbey, the first Benedictine Abbey in England.



A glimpse of the Cathedral through Mercery Lane.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH DANCING LA VOLTA WITH ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER": This painting, which hangs in a State Room at Penshurst Place, Tonbridge, Kent, the home of Lord De L'isle and Dudley, is attributed to the French School circa 1580, *but in the accompanying article Mr. James Laver suggests that it might well have been the work of Herman van der Mast. Meanwhile the National Portrait Gallery say that the picture may not represent Queen Elizabeth at all, a mistake or intentional error having been made many years ago. The picture has been reproduced as an illustration in a book entitled "Dances of England and France," by Mabel Dolmetsch.*

ELIZABETH I AND THE FRENCH DANCE, LA VOLTA

The Similarities Between Two Sixteenth-century Paintings, the One Hanging at Penshurst and Said to Depict Queen Elizabeth Dancing, and the Other in the Louvre, Representing a Dance at the Court of King Henri III of France

QUEEN ELIZABETH I looms so large in our history that every picture of her that can be found is of the greatest interest. Unfortunately her reign coincided with a period of intense artistic poverty in England. Apart from the great miniature painter Nicolas Hilliard, there is hardly a single artist's name of whom Englishmen can be proud. What few pictures of Elizabeth we have are almost all the work of foreigners.

A particular interest therefore attaches for the picture at Penshurst Place, Tonbridge. Traditionally it represents Queen Elizabeth dancing la Volta (a lively French dance introduced into England by the Queen) with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Leicester was, of course, her favourite—he is even said to have been secretly married to her—and is known to have entertained her with great splendour at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. Could the picture represent a scene during these festivities? And if so, who painted it?

Now there is in the Louvre, in Paris, a picture which is in some ways curiously similar. It represents a dance at the Court of King Henri III of France and, although the main figures are differently disposed, there is, on the left, a lady seated on a stool and seen from the back in exactly the same attitude as the lady in the Penshurst picture. Not only this, but there is a "funny dog" in almost the same position. These similarities are so striking that it is hard to believe that the two pictures are not the work of the same hand.

The Louvre picture is supposed to be the work of a certain Herman van der Mast, a Fleming who was a pupil of the better-known Frans Floris. Van der Mast went to Paris and worked for the Queen Mother, the redoubtable Catherine de Medici. The Louvre picture was painted about 1575.

THE FIRST QUEEN ELIZABETH: This engraving was made by W. T. Fry from the original by Zucchero.

The youngest son of Catherine de Medici was the Duc d'Alençon, better known as the Duc d'Anjou. He was a persistent suitor of Queen Elizabeth, and she came very near to marrying him. In any case, she kept him dangling for twelve years, from 1572 until 1584, and during that period he visited England three times. What more natural that he should have brought with him his mother's favoured painter, Herman van der Mast. But if he did so, surely he would have had *himself* painted dancing with the Queen.

Unfortunately for this theory, the Duc was a hideous dwarf, and the male figure shown in the Penshurst picture is certainly not that of a hideous dwarf. So perhaps the old tradition is right, and it is the Earl of Leicester after all. Certainly the face of the lady who is being lifted high in la Volta might well be that of Queen Elizabeth. There is the same aquiline nose and fair hair.

The mystery, to some extent, remains, but at least it seems highly probable that the Penshurst picture is the work of Herman van der Mast, if the Louvre attribution is correct. Curiously enough there is yet another painting at Versailles, listed as anonymous. It represents a dance at the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse in 1581, and it shows the same back view of the lady on the stool (although reversed) and a very similar dog. It almost seems as if these two objects were a kind of "signature tune" of the obscure Flemish painter, Herman van der Mast.

James Laver

" Steadily up-channel before a south-west breeze came the Armada. . . ."

The Break-up of the Armada

Montague Dawson illustrates the second tragedy which befell the mighty Spanish fleet after the famous battle

THAT brightest of all Elizabethan epics, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, has left in the pages of history two pictures. One is of the famous victory of Lord Howard and his sturdy men-of-war, and the other—as dramatic and spectacular as anything in naval annals—of the shattering catastrophe that overtook the Spanish fleet. Routed in battle and battered to destruction by Atlantic storms, its galleons strewed their wreckage in the Channel, around the Scottish isles and along the western shores of Ireland in a thousand-mile trail of disaster.

Such a toll of the Spaniards did the cruel sea take that, of the 100 ships that ran beaten for home after the final clash at Gravelines, only half got back to Spain, limping survivors of an unparalleled ordeal by gunfire and tempest.

When the Armada put out so proudly from Lisbon in May, 1588, on its mission to smash the English navy and subdue the heretic Elizabeth and her people, hardly anyone in Europe doubted its success. To build it King Philip had called on all the nation's resources and emptied the State coffers, and for months the ports and arsenals of Spain, Portugal and the overseas dominions had rung with the sound of its preparation.

With its 130 vessels, half of which were 700 tons or more, manned by 8,000 sailors and carrying 19,000 troops (to say nothing of 180 priests and a complement of doctors), its armament of over 2,000 cannon and its provisions for 40,000 men for six months, it was a truly formidable war-machine and understandably dubbed the " Invincible Armada."

Yet for all its impressiveness and despite the prayers of a million Catholics and the blessing of the Pope that sped its departure, the great Armada, as it sailed down the Tagus on that May day, was already ill-starred. In the towering flagship *San Martin*, in place of the original commander-in-chief, the Marquis of Santa Cruz (lately dead), was the unwarlike and inexperienced Duke of Medina Sidonia. And Drake's daringly destructive " singeing of the King of Spain's beard " at Cadiz had so delayed the Armada's completion that now as it turned into the open sea it met, not a fair following wind, but the teeth of the seasonal northerly trades.

Top-heavy, hard to navigate, manned largely by fair-weather sailors and more like floating castles than ships, the galleons, transports and store-vessels soon ran into gales and got scattered. Even worse, the victuals were found to be bad; and putrid meat, mouldy bread and shortage of water soon brought sickness and poor morale. It was a discouraging start to the vaunted " enterprise against England."

The fleet put into Corunna, refitted and took on more men, and towards the end of July set sail northwards again, the plan of campaign being to move right up the English Channel, seize North Foreland, make contact with the Duke of Parma in the Netherlands and transport his army across the Straits for a grand invasion of England, supported by the Armada's own troops.

Meanwhile England, with eighty ships, of which about thirty were war-vessels and the rest privateers and converted merchantmen, and " 9,000 of the hardiest seamen of Europe," was awaiting the assault. Commanding the fleet was Lord Howard of Effingham, and under him were those tough sea-dogs Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Since May they had been at Plymouth recruiting crews, equipping and victualling their ships—no easy task in the face of Elizabeth's well-known parsimony—scanning the horizon for the enemy, fretting at being forbidden by the Queen to go out and seek him, and also, so the tale goes, playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe.

That historic game on the Plymouth greensward, dramatically interrupted by news of the Armada's approach (On July 19), is part of history. Howard was for sailing at once, but Drake, with the famous words: " There 's plenty of time to win this game and to thrash the Spaniards too ! " discouraged undue haste; and in the evening, as the beacons were flaring up all along the English coast, the fleet put out.

Steadily up-channel before a south-west breeze came the Armada, deployed in a great half-moon seven miles from tip to tip; and into position in its wake, under cover of darkness, moved the English led by Howard in the *Ark Royal*. Thus the scene was set for the first clash.

(Continued on following pages)

THE BREAK-UP OF THE ARMADA

". . . Drake, in the Revenge, *went off—against Howard's orders—on a chase of his own to capture the* Nuestra Senora del Rosario. . . . *Thus the English secured their first prize. . . ."*

". . . he exploited to the full mobile ships and poured broadsides

(*Continued from previous page*)

The Spaniards boasted a handful of senior officers—Recalde, Leyva, Oquendo, Bertendona, the two Valdez—who in courage and experience were fit opponents for Howard, Drake and Frobisher. But Howard's tactics on that windy day of July 22nd were better than Sidonia's. Manœuvring to windward, in a few hours' fighting he exploited to the full the advantage of his lower-lying, more mobile ships and poured broadsides into the lumbering galleons at a rate and from a range with which they, with their slower-firing and smaller guns, could not compete.

Admiral Recalde, boldly emerging from the routed Spanish rearguard in his flag-ship the *San Juan,* counter-attacked the English, only to be surrounded and cut off. But for two hours he fought on as salvo after salvo of English gun-fire thundered against him; until finally, badly disabled, he limped back to the main force.

Ever up-Channel, a gusty wind behind them, the two fleets sailed on, the English remorselessly dogging the Spaniards' heels and waiting a chance to attack. And on the second night Drake, in the *Revenge,* went off—against Howard's orders—on a chase of his own to capture the *Nuestra Senora del Rosario,* commanded by the proud Don Pedro de Valdez, which had been crippled in the choppy seas. Thus the English secured their first prize.

Off Portland the wind changed about and the Spaniards decided to fight; but again the English, immune from the Spanish salvoes which whistled high over their heads, outmanœuvred and outgunned them, making a special target of Sidonia's *San Martin,* whose massive hull was ripped and splintered and Imperial banner shot to ribbons. That day the English ceased fire only when their powder was exhausted.

Two days later the fleets clashed again—and for a breathless moment the Spaniards saw the *Ark Royal* almost in their grasp. Lord Howard's flag-ship, outsailing her escorts, found herself surrounded by enemy galleons: and just then the wind dropped. This was the Spaniards' chance, for grappling and boarding was their speciality. But even as their grappling-irons were poised and their boarders ready, eleven boats, unseen by them, dropped from the *Ark Royal's* sides and towed her out of danger. The opportunity of a noble prize was gone; on a rising wind Drake and the rest came up, and the Spaniards received such a withering cannonade that they determined to fight no more then, but to run for Calais roads.

With the English close behind them they reached neutral Calais; and thus, their morale badly shaken, but their fleet almost intact, they arrived within striking distance of their North Foreland destination. What they needed now was rest and time to lick their wounds. But the English, lately reinforced by Lord Henry Seymour's Thames squadron of thirty warships, were standing off Calais in no mind to leave them undisturbed—though they, too, were weary after a week of action stations, ill-clad and desperately short of powder and provisions.

Having tasted blood, Howard, Drake, Frobisher and their fighting crews cared nothing for discomfort if there was a prospect of finishing off the enemy. And so at a council of war in the *Ark Royal* it was decided to bring the Spaniards to battle by forcing them out of Calais with fire-ships.

Luckily the wind favoured the English plan; and after dusk on that Sunday night eight old vessels, their hulls, spars and rigging coated with pitch, were towed into position ready to be fired and let loose. Dimly the Spanish look-outs could see the dark shapes drifting down on them; and they were puzzled.

the advantage of his lower-lying, more into the lumbering galleons. . . ."

But their perplexity turned to terror as suddenly a mass of roaring flame enveloped the hulks from water-line to mast-top, laying bare the ships of both fleets, the harbour, the town of Calais and the sea itself in a blaze of lurid orange light.

With these infernal apparitions sailing in among them at dead of night the hastily-awakened Spaniards could have been pardoned for panicking; but at a signal from the *San Martin* they managed, with some skill, to set their sails and move out of harbour undamaged by fire or collision. But in the darkness they had separated; and next morning Sidonia saw that about seventy of his ships, their anchors left in Calais harbour, were drifting helplessly onto a lee shore near Gravelines.

Drake (commanding in place of Howard, who was away chasing a Spanish prize) saw it, too, and with it perceived his great chance. Assembling all the ships he could muster he bore down, with Hawkins, Frobisher and Seymour, on Sidonia and his forty galleons, prepared for death or victory. As ever, so long as the English kept their distance, the advantage was with them; their shot crashed through the lofty galleons' rigging and into their poops and sides, dealing fearful destruction and causing, so it is said, blood to run like water in the scuppers. The Spaniards, grouped round the *San Martin*, asked no quarter and fought back valiantly, using their arquebuses when their guns were out of action.

Only the fact that Drake's men ran out of ammunition—and how they must have cursed the controllers of supplies in London!—spared the beaten Armada from utter annihilation. As it was, Sidonia and his Spaniards crept off under cover of darkness towards Gravelines, with 10,000 casualties.

A timely change of wind next day saved them from going aground on the dreaded Gravelines shallows; and now (though Leyva and Oquendo fierily demanded that the fight be continued) there was only one thing left for them to do: make for home by way of the northern seas and the Atlantic.

And so, strung out in a straggling line, the battle-scarred Spanish Armada—now reduced to about 100 ships—faced north and, aided by a favourable wind, began the long voyage to Spain which was to crown their disastrous week of fighting.

Dogged by Howard's ships (which were impotent now through lack of ammunition) as far as the Firth of Forth, the galleons ploughed on

(Concluded on following page)

". . . a mass of roaring flame enveloped the hulks from water-line to mast-top. . . ."

THE BREAK-UP OF THE ARMADA

(*Concluded from previous page*)

towards the open sea beyond the Scottish isles. Though it was only mid-August the sun-loving fair-weather southerners began to feel the cold; they were weak with fatigue and wounds, they had barely a fortnight's rations left, their shot-riddled water-casks were nearly empty and to eke out the precious fluid they threw overboard the mules and horses that had been brought from Spain to take part in the triumphal progress through England. For hours the terrified drowning creatures swam around the ships, symbols of the Spaniards' jettisoned hopes of victory.

As they ran into the high latitudes, Sidonia and his men faced a new enemy—the elements.

At the Orkneys, in gradually worsening weather, they separated; the *San Martin* with sixty vessels continuing northwards almost to the Shetlands and the others turning west. Battling against gales and huge seas several of these last were wrecked on the wild rocks of the Hebrides, casting ashore a few survivors who somehow managed to reach the mainland and from there find their way to Parma, in the Netherlands.

Of all the Spanish warships that were lost in the stormy aftermath of the Channel battle, the *San Juan Bautista* has the strangest story. For it was not wrecked by the elements but sunk by treachery—a victim, it seems, of the murderous feuds then raging between two of the local clans, the MacLanes of Duart and the MacDonalds of Islay.

Hard-pressed by the weather and short of provisions, the *San Juan* (commanded by a Spanish grandee, Don Pereira) put into Tobermory Bay from the west in mid-September, to be welcomed by MacLane, who saw in her complement of troops a useful reinforcement against his enemy MacDonald. And as the Spaniards needed stores and water he struck a bargain, offering supplies in return for 100 soldiers, to be lent to defend his beleaguered castle. But having received these he kept them over-long, and in reply to the captain's request for their return demanded gold, which he said had been part of the agreement. The gold being promised anew, MacLane sent back all the soldiers except three hostages. But the gold never came, and so MacLane sent a kinsman aboard to collect it.

Don Pereira, enraged at this impertinence of an obscure Scottish chieftain, locked the messenger up as a counter-hostage, to be freed only when his three men had been returned. As both refused to compromise, deadlock was reached; and Don Pereira, now anxious to get away, prepared to sail without his soldiers and with his debt unpaid. Meanwhile his prisoner was planning a desperate coup: finding that his cell adjoined the ship's magazine he had resolved to blow up the ship. Somehow he obtained a fusee and pushed it, ignited, among the powder-kegs; and as the *San Juan Bautista* was moving out of Tobermory Bay, she was suddenly split by a terrific explosion and went down with all hands, including the intrepid Scotsman. Thus did one routed Spanish galleon fail to reach its home port.

Others were driven north as far as The Faeroes. But nearly forty staggered on towards Ireland.

Beguiled perhaps by hopes of fresh water and the safe harbours of a friendly Catholic people, this convoy met the grimmest fate of all. Off the Irish coast it was beset by more storms and caught by the full force of the Atlantic breakers, to be smashed to pieces all along the rocky shores from Donegal to County Kerry. In the pounding surf great galleons broke up like matchwood, going to the bottom with bullion and treasure said to be worth a king's ransom. Something like 8,000 men were thrown on the beaches.

On these half-drowned, booty-laden castaways the natives fell savagely, robbing, stripping and killing them wholesale. In at least one Sligo bay they left 1,000 corpses.

Little chance of salvation awaited the Spaniards who landed in Galway and Mayo, destitute, starving, offering a cask of wine for a drink of water. For these the kindly local folk did their best, but the occupying English troops regarded them as enemies; and having no food for them and no prisons big enough, they executed them out of hand, shooting or hanging over 2,000.

Meanwhile the vessels that had kept with the *San Martin*, saved from shipwreck by standing well out to sea, were leaving Ireland behind and heading for the Bay of Biscay. But their crews' condition was pitiable. Half had died from wounds, exposure and starvation, and the rest—some of whom had been waterless for close on a fortnight—were mere skeletons, hardly strong enough to move.

" In the pounding surf, all along the rocky shores from Donegal to County Kerry, the great galleons broke up like matchwood. . . ."

And so, mid-way through September, they reached the northern ports of Spain—fifty-four battered ships, less than half of the imposing and arrogant fleet that had sailed to battle two months before. And of the 30,000 men the Armada had carried, only 9,000 now returned, many of them sick and wounded beyond recovery. Sidonia, who had had his fill of the sea and the horrors of battle, threw up his command and hurried back to his beloved orange groves; but those stout commanders Recalde and Oquendo died soon after landing, broken by exhaustion and Spain's disgrace.

In those fateful autumn days of 1588 there was no Spaniard, from King Philip downwards, who did not taste the bitter dregs of defeat. Just as no subject of Elizabeth's failed to thrill at the glorious victory of the Queen's sailors, a victory which saved the country from invasion and sent the Armada to its final eclipse in wild northern waters.

JOHN WILLIAMS

THE YOUNG PRETENDER by PHILIP VAN DYK

This charming picture was probably painted in 1726 when Prince Charles Edward Stuart was five years old. There appears to be no record of the portrait, and the style of costume suggests a slightly earlier date. The features, however, are very similar to authenticated portraits. The painting is reproduced by permission of M. Bernard. Philip Van Dyk, sometimes known as the little Van Dyck, was born at Amsterdam in 1680, some 80 years after his great predecessor Anthonis Van Dyck. By 1710 he was established at Middleburg and, later, he went to The Hague where some of his best work was done and where he was taken up by Prince William, afterwards Landgrave of Hesse. He painted several pictures for the Landgrave, who also commissioned him to purchase works of art in Holland and Flanders for the collection he was forming at Cassel.

The Fruits of Victory

The Story of the great Duke of Wellington's battles depicted in a fascinating collection of presentation china

THERE can be few parallels in modern history to compare with the honours and presents that a grateful Britain and a thankful Continent heaped upon the first Duke of Wellington (1769–1852) after his victories over the armies of France. Many of the gifts are now to be seen in Apsley House, which in 1947 became the Wellington Museum by Act of Parliament. For, in that year, by the generosity of the present Duke, the Nation acquired not only the house but many of the treasures which surrounded the Iron Duke during his lifetime.

Of these treasures none are more popular or more colourful than the porcelain services, as opposed to the services of silver plate. Of the porcelain services there are those presented to the Iron Duke by King Frederick William III of Prussia (The Prussian Service), by King Louis XVIII of France (The Royal French Service), by King Frederick Augustus IV of Saxony (The Saxon Service), and by the Emperor Francis I of Austria (The Austrian Service). On view are also two French breakfast sets, which will be noted later.

The most elaborate of these sumptuous services is that presented by the King of Prussia, and therefore called " The Prussian Service," and many of the illustrations on these pages are taken from it. It originally comprised some 420 pieces and is made of Berlin porcelain, dating from about 1816–19. A large selection of this service is shown at Apsley House, and this alone includes 64 plates with topographical views connected with the Duke's life and career, 24 ice pails decorated with the uniforms of the allied armies, four tureens with battle scenes and studies of animal life, 10 vases and urns with battle-scenes and other decorations, three pedestal comports, 12 dishes, and other items. There is also a centre-piece consisting of a three-foot obelisk in green porcelain surrounded by eight figures of river gods symbolising those rivers associated with the Duke.

The paintings, by a number of artists as yet unidentified, are meticulously painted; and, with their gilt ornamentation, the pieces display a rich galaxy of colour and design. The plates bearing topographical views are often lively and of great charm, and some of the battle-scenes are most vigorously carried out.

Three of the pieces illustrated here come from other services, and one is an " odd " piece of Belgian porcelain. It is the first time that a representative set of illustrations in colour of the Wellington porcelain has been published, and they are presented here with historical notes on the various scenes. These scenes are not shown here in chronological order as such an arrangement would not have been practicable. Such a selection of the porcelain, however appealing, can give only a suggestion of the wealth of expert craftsmanship that was expended in paying these elaborate and well-deserved tributes to the man who finally rid Europe of their great bogey—Napoleon Bonaparte.

APSLEY HOUSE BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS MADE IN 1828:
This beautifully painted plate is part of the Saxon Service, which was presented to the Duke by King Frederick Augustus IV of Saxony. The dessert service of Meissen porcelain comprises 117 pieces.

Apsley House from Piccadilly (Saxon Service). This is the most authentic picture of how Apsley House appeared before it was transformed into the brown building we know to-day. It was built to the designs of Robert Adam in 1771–78, for the second Earl Bathurst. The name " Apsley " is taken from his title Baron Apsley, which he held before succeeding his father. The house is on the site of the old lodge of Hyde Park, which itself followed the " Pillars of Hercules "—the inn at which Fielding's Squire Western (in *Tom Jones*) stayed when pursuing his daughter. Apsley House was bought in 1805 by Lord Wellesley, the Duke's eldest brother, on his return from India. The Duke of Wellington then bought it from him in 1817, and the freehold was purchased by the trustees of his Parliamentary grant in 1830. It thereby became the family's property until 1947—the year of the Wellington Museum Act by which the House was presented to the Nation.

Amidst the colourful uniforms and the gay scene of carriages and promenaders, Apsley House is here seen as a rather pale-hued brick house; it was actually of red brick. Of what we see here, only the coach-house on the extreme right survives to-day. For the Duke commissioned Benjamin Wyatt to alter and enlarge the House in 1828–29. Wyatt removed the small portico shown in this scene; added a " slab " of building to the left-hand (west) side to provide the great Waterloo Gallery and the rooms below; added the great portico of to-day; and re-faced the entire house with Bath stone. The alterations inside were just as drastic, and only two complete Adam rooms now remain, with a few features also retained in other rooms. The entire work of reconstruction cost the Duke £42,000. Visitors to Apsley House may also see the companion plate to this one, where the view of the House is taken from near the place where to-day stands the statue of Achilles, erected in Hyde Park by the women of England, as a tribute to the Duke, in 1822.

The Opening of Waterloo Bridge (Prussian Service). Waterloo Bridge, which was demolished in 1934, was designed by the great engineer, John Rennie, and built 1811–17. Its official opening by the Prince Regent was one of the most colourful ceremonies of the time and took place on Waterloo Day (June 18th), 1817. The Prince and his party came from Whitehall by water to the Surrey side of the Thames—from which this view is taken—and the procession of troops proceeded across the beflagged bridge to

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Above: THE OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE IN 1817: One of some four hundred pieces which comprise the famous Prussian Service of Berlin porcelain which was made in 1816-19 and was presented to the Duke of Wellington by King Frederick William III of Prussia. Each piece of the service is minutely painted in gilt and colour, including battles and scenes connected with the Duke's career. Several examples of this magnificent table service are reproduced on this and the following pages.

On left: THE BATTLE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO: An ice pail from the Prussian Service provides the "canvas" for this vivid action scene of the actual moment of storming of the fortress on January 19th, 1812.

On right: THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE This second ice pail takes us back to India where, on September 23rd, 1803, the Iron Duke (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) with some 7,000 men put 40,000 Mahrattas to rout. In this battle Wellesley, leading the charges, had two horses killed under him.

The Fruits

THE BATTLE OF VITORIA, 1813:
One of a pair of large porcelain vases in the Prussian Service commemorates the great victory of Vitoria during the Peninsular campaign. The French lost five thousand men and most of their artillery and stores to the British forces during the engagement.

Above: THE VILLAGE OF WATERLOO: This tray of Belgian porcelain does not belong to one of the great services. It was made in Frederick Theodore Faber's factory in Brussels about 1818. In the domed church, which was restored in 1855, are monuments to British officers.

THE LISBON WATERFRONT:
The Prussian Service contains many scenes of towns connected with the Duke's life. On the right is the River Tagus; in the foreground, dancers with bagpipe and drum.

# of Victory

Below: THE BATTLE OF VIMEIRO, 1808: This magnificent tureen in the Prussian Service gives a formalised picture of the battle which took place on August 21st, 1808. On the left is Junot, the French commander, in a heroic attitude; on right, the British commanders.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO: This is one of the few scenes of the battle among the Apsley House treasures. It is a companion piece in the Prussian Service to the urn on the opposite page, which records the Battle of Vitoria. Wellington is in the centre, carrying his staff and riding "Copenhagen".

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE: Another town scene from the Prussian Service—it shows the house of Monsieur de Guaita, who was probably the Duke's host at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818.

Above: APSLEY HOUSE AND PICCADILLY FROM THE WEST: This plate from the Prussian Service shows the decline in the road from Hyde Park Corner to St. James's Street. It also suggests the origin of "No. 1 London"—Apsley House being quite possibly the first house of any size when approached from the west or south-west at the time it was built in 1771-78.

Above: A VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE: The Prussian Service records a variety of scenes and this picture of Eton, to which the Duke went in 1781, makes an interesting comparison with the battle scenes. On left is the College Chapel.

On left: THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES: This tray, showing the view towards the Orangery, is part of the Sèvres breakfast service. It was made at the National Porcelain factory and was presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII of France.

Below: VUE DE LA GRANDE RUE ET DE LA FONTAINE DU BON SUCCES: This beautiful plate from the Saxon Service provides an example of the immense detail which the artists put into their work. It has the quality of a miniature.

Below: THE DOURO AT OPORTO: The passage of the river Douro took place on May 12th, 1809. When Wellesley was raised to the peerage he chose the title Baron Douro of Wellesley and later he became Marquess Douro.

The Fruits of Victory *(continued from page 26)*

the north bank, whence the Royal party embarked and returned to Whitehall. Meanwhile a salute of 202 guns was fired to commemorate the number of cannon taken at the Battle of Waterloo. The bridge was admired from the very first and Canova described it as "the noblest bridge in the world." It was built of Cornish granite, and its nine spans carried the road for 413 yards. This view shows how gay and effective the opening ceremony was, with the massed troops, the crowds of spectators, and the flock of river craft of every description. Thousands of Londoners regretted the day when the engineers of our own time were obliged to condemn it as unsafe after more than a century of service. The new bridge in use to-day, designed by Sir Giles Scott, was officially opened in 1945.

The Battle of Ciudad Rodrigo (Prussian Service). This ice-pail is decorated with the most vigorous scene in the whole of the Wellington collection of porcelain. "The fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo has been very properly named one of the keys of the North of Portugal, and it may, with equal justice, be termed the key of Spain on that side. It therefore became necessary for our army to possess it." The scene shows the actual storming of the fortress, with a shell-burst as the dramatic centre of attention. It was attacked and finally taken by Wellington on January 19th, 1812, after a previous failure to overcome it. "His Lordship determined to storm, notwithstanding the approaches had not been brought to the crest of the glacis, and the counterscarp of the ditch was entire. The attack was made in five separate columns, and they all succeeded; that of Brigadier General Pack, his Lordship says, exceeded his expectations, for that officer converted his false attack into a real one, and his advanced guard made prisoners of all who opposed them. We took the Governor, 73 officers, 1,700 men, 153 pieces of ordnance, etc. Our loss in officers was severe." The Duke wrote to Lord Liverpool that he had stormed Ciudad Rodrigo "in half the time that I told you it would take." This success gave Wellington a Spanish dukedom (the Dukedom of Ciudad Rodrigo), a Portuguese marquisate, and an earldom from our own Prince Regent. A grateful Parliament added an annuity of £2,000 to these honours.

The Battle of Assaye (Prussian Service). This ice-pail bears one of the most decorative of the battle scenes, the Battle of Assaye in India, 1803. It was fought by Wellington against the Mahrattas on September 23rd, after his successful attack on Ahmednuggur. It was *à propos* this earlier victory that an Indian observed: "These English are a strange people and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the pettah-wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast." But Assaye, however, was to prove more difficult. After faulty intelligence, Wellington (Wellesley then) came upon the enemy with only about half his (the British) troops—the rest having been ordered to follow by another route. Wellington had only 7,000 men and the enemy 40,000. But that discrepency did not daunt him, and by a skilful and determined onslaught, he drove the Mahrattas from the field, capturing 98 of their guns. Wellington himself was in the thick of the battle, leading charges against the enemy artillery, and he had two horses killed under him. It was in India that Wellington grew to be an outstanding soldier, and gained a wealth of experience, not only as a fighting man but as an administrator and statesman. It was in India that he made his famous statement: "If we lose our character for truth and good faith, we shall have but little to stand upon in this country"; and later: "I would sacrifice Gwalior or every frontier of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith." He had travelled to India in 1796 as a Colonel, and it was here that he had decided to devote himself to the arduous business of becoming a professional soldier. He left the country in 1805, as a Major-General. "I think," he said, "that I have served as long in India as any man ought who can serve anywhere else."

The Battle of Vitoria (Prussian Service). One of Wellington's greatest victories is commemorated on this large porcelain urn in the Prussian Service. He had opened the military campaign of 1813 in the Peninsular by advancing into Spain in two columns, one by the north bank of the Douro, the other to Salamanca. These two columns pressed on and joined forces at Toro on June 4th. They then advanced upon Burgos, which the French promptly abandoned; and on June 21st was fought the battle of Vitoria (sometimes wrongly spelt with two "t's"). "The hunted French," says Mr. Guedalla, "an army fifty thousand strong encumbered with a King (Joseph Bonaparte), a Court, large portions of a Civil Service, and an extensive *smala* (someone irreverently remarked, 'nous étions un bordel ambulant')—lay across the great road to France." Wellington fell upon the enemy and routed them, the French losing some 5,000 men, together with most of their guns, stores and loot. To us, one of the most interesting captures was Joseph Bonaparte's baggage train with its stolen art treasures—especially the Spanish royal pictures described later in this article. Following the defeat at Vitoria the French army retreated across the Pyrenees—after further heavy fighting during July and August of 1813—and soon they only had the armies of Aragon and Catalonia left in Spain, with garrisons in Pamplona and St. Sebastian. These two places were blockaded and besieged by the Allies, St. Sebastian being finally stormed on September 9th and Pamplona giving in on October 31st. Meanwhile, the war in Germany had been settled by the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig (October 16th–19th, 1813). As a result of the victory at Vitoria, Wellington was made a Field Marshal, and received from a grateful Spain the estate of Soto de Roma, near Granada. After the abdication of Napoleon and the convention signed on April 18th, 1814, terminating hostilities, Wellington returned home to the accompaniment of a veritable triumphal procession. Amidst a fresh shower of honours, he was created Marquess Douro and Duke of Wellington, and given an extra grant from Parliament of £400,000.

THE WEALTH AND PROWESS OF SPAIN:

The allegorical scene shows a lady, on the left, dressed as an Indian, symbolising America, pouring gold into a cornucopia held by a figure representing Spain. It is painted on a tray from the breakfast service, made for Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte. The story of its capture is told in the accompanying article.

The Village of Waterloo. This is an "odd" tray of Belgian porcelain, and was made in the Brussels factory of Frederick Theodore Faber, about 1818. It is painted in colours and gilt, and shows the village of Waterloo dominated by its domed church. Waterloo is some eight miles from Brussels, and was Wellington's headquarters from June 17th to 19th. The battle fought nearby on the 18th was given the name of the village. The church, which was restored later (1855), contains a well-known bust of the Duke by Geefs, as well as a number of monuments to British officers killed in the Battle. A few yards away to the north of the church—not visible in this view—is a cottage garden containing what Karl Baedeker called an "absurd monument" to the amputated leg of the Marquis of Anglesey. The Marquis was in command of the British cavalry and, after a severe wound, had to have his leg cut off immediately after the Battle. It was buried under a weeping willow, and the place is still much visited by tourists. This painted tray shows a serene country landscape, and one is only reminded of its martial associations by the three soldiers in the foreground.

It is a little odd to consider how many places, so far from Belgium, now bear the name of this sleepy little village. Waterloo is popular as a street name—there are 10 in London alone, of which the best known is Waterloo Place—and there are, of course, Waterloo Station and Waterloo Bridge. There is also a Waterloo Bridge across the River Conway in Caernarvonshire. A Waterloo Tower stands in Wynnstay Park, Denbighshire. One sometimes hears of the so-called "Waterloo Churches" in London, but this title—although suggested for four new churches—was abandoned at the time on instructions from the then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Battle of Waterloo (Prussian Service). It might seem strange to visitors viewing Apsley House that there should be so few relics or scenes of the Battle of Waterloo. But in reality Wellington's distinguished career had run a long course before 1815, and the battle came only as a climax to that career which had already seen so many

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Above: KING EDWARD VII AT SANDRINGHAM: FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN STURGESS. Left to right in the picture are: Mr. Anthony Hamond of Westacre, who was Master of the West Norfolk Fox Hounds from 1865 until 1883; the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII); a lady (possibly Mrs. Fountaine), and Mr. Algernon Fountaine (Master from 1883 until 1895). The two hunt servants on the right are Bob Clayton (Huntsman) and Harry Brown (1st Whip). The picture is reproduced by permission of M. Bernard, of 21, Ryder Street, St. James's.

ROYALTY AT THE MEET

King Edward VII at Sandringham; King George III at Windsor

Below: KING GEORGE III RETURNING FROM HUNTING AT WINDSOR: This lively hunting scene was first published in January, 1820, and is reproduced by courtesy of Fores' Gallery, Bond Street. It is one of a pair engraved by M. Dubourg from paintings by Pollard; the other picture depicts the hunt entering the forest. King George III started his own harriers in 1789 and engaged Charles Davis (whose brother R. B. Davis became a celebrated sporting artist) to hunt and manage the hounds. The pack came mostly from Lincolnshire and were eighteen inches in height.

Christmas Parties in the Old Days

W. MacQueen Pope describes the Late Joys of our Victorian Grandfathers

DESPITE the fact that conditions of life nowadays drive people desirous of entertaining their friends, into restaurants and places of public resort, Christmas-time is still party-time. But as a rule, the party is for the children.

In the days when the coinage of this realm was of genuine gold, silver and copper (or maybe bronze), people lived in houses in preference to flats; and in houses where there was a considerable amount of room. They entertained largely, especially at what was then very rightly described as the Festive Season. Leaving the children, who always had elaborate Christmas parties, quite out of the question, there were parties for the adults as well—dinner parties of considerable pomp and circumstance, tea parties for the ladies on a scale not to be achieved to-day—and there was also something known as a musical evening. Many people would hold a musical evening at Christmas-time, if they did not want to be encumbered with the very heavy labour which a dinner involved. Musical evenings were not exclusively Christmas occasions, but most families gave one then—it worked off hospitality which they owed and it gave them far less trouble, for the guests entertained themselves.

This was not a mechanical age. To-day, people invite their friends to see the television. They sit in a darkened room, watching a small screen and what happens on it. It may be good, it may be indifferent, it depends largely upon whether the programme is original, or a sporting event or function is being televised. But it is a mechanical evening with very little sociability about it.

The musical evening, especially the Christmas musical evening of the old days, was a highly social affair. People had not lost the habit of entertaining each other by their own efforts. Most young ladies, and young men, could play the piano. It was an "accomplishment" in the days when girls, especially, needed to be more or less "accomplished," if they were to get a husband—and that was the primary ambition in life. Most people could sing—or thought they could—which to them was the same thing. So the hostess, giving a musical evening, had little to worry about so far as the entertainment side was concerned. And quite a number of people had more or less mastered a musical instrument, a violin, a 'cello, a cornet, even a flute. There were some harpists among them, but they rarely brought their harps to a party—as did the performer in the popular song; it was an unwieldy affair and needed horse transport, and then there was the difficulty of getting up and down stairs—and there were lots of stairs in those houses, at that time. Those who could neither play nor sing, could recite. They were quite convinced of that. And the few who had no accomplishments or were too nervous to perform—well, they could sit and enjoy the music and the evening.

Invitations for a musical evening went out about three weeks in advance, and it was always a question of R.S.V.P. People always complied with that request because it was an age of good manners.

The function would take place in the drawing-room. And a glance at a typical late-Victorian drawing-room will be rewarding.

It was a room of considerable size and in many cases was on the first floor. The ground floor was the domestic one, and therefore not to be seen by guests unless intimate friends of the family or relations. The room was generally square. It had a very large window—a bay window which was therefore recessed.

The window was covered by long lace curtains which, while admitting the light, screened the occupants from view. It mattered not at all that it was practically impossible to overlook the room from outside; in those days an Englishman's home was his castle, and he demanded privacy and got it. The lace curtains might be white or coffee-coloured, but they always covered the window entirely. They could, on occasion, be looped by ropes—similar to those used as barrier ropes in theatres, or by sashes. Sometimes, to add to the effect and to strike an individual note, great spiders and birds clung to them. These were hardly beautiful, and were made of some shiny material, packed with cotton wool. Then, to run across the recess, were two heavy curtains—usually of brocade, moving on runners under a pelmet which matched. These also, when undrawn, could be looped back. The windows opened by sash lines and were additionally screened by what were known as Venetian blinds, slats

(*Continued on following page*)

"There were duets of light-hearted and tender natures—a couple would go Maying . . . "

Christmas Parties in the Old Days *(Continued from previous page)*

of wood resting on a ladder of webbing, which went up or came down with a clatter. The slats laid close upon each other, completely shutting out the world outside. They would go wrong on occasions and they made a good deal of work, but there was plenty of domestic labour, so who cared ? Also, they excluded the draught. And draughts were anathema to Victorians. Across the crack caused by the meeting of the top and bottom part of that drawing-room window would be a long, eel-like affair, shaped rather like an elongated sausage and covered in turkey red. It stopped the draught coming through the very small aperture, and did it effectively.

The room which is being visited is a bit ornate and the main scheme of decoration is yellow and black—or perhaps gold and black is a better description. The wallpaper is gold (or yellow), and is of the satin variety with broad stripes, one dull and lighter in tone, the other shiny and darker. There is a carpet—Axminster—the prevailing tone of which is yellow. Such painted woodwork as is visible is black picked out with gold, and the inside of the door is black and gold. But it cannot be seen, because it is covered with a heavy curtain, suspended from a brass rod, fixed on the door itself. The curtain is called a portiere and is to exclude draughts—or for the matter of that, fresh air. Not a lot of the wallpaper can be seen, for there are crowds of pictures. They are of all shapes and sizes, but all have gold frames. Some of the pictures are good—there are two by Sidney Cooper—some not so good. Prominent among them is a large canvas, well painted, representing the sea front at Weymouth in the time of George III, who popularised that resort. There are landscapes, and some Highland scenes with Highland cattle in the foreground. Another prominent picture shows a fishing smack running before a stiff gale. It is quite a little art gallery, that drawing-room.

This being a possessive age, there are masses of furniture. The chairs are of light weight, of black wood, with backs like those of a Windsor chair, but more delicate, and the seats are upholstered in yellow silk. There are two armchairs, with the same upholstery, and two semi-armchairs, with low-curved backs, yellow as well. There are three or four occasional tables—of black wood, literally thronged with ornaments and photos in silver frames. Some also bear vases of flowers. These tables are moved out of the way for musical evenings, but may be returned covered with refreshments. The fireplace faces the door. It is a spacious grate with much brass about it, a heavy brass fender and brass fire-irons. A large fire burns brightly, and there is a scuttle of coal, of brass, which looks a cross between a scoop and an old-fashioned fireman's helmet. Its main purpose is to resist any coal being got out of it.

Across the front of the fireplace is a large black sheepskin rug. Each side of the fire is flanked by fireguards, little brass standards about 2 ft. high, which bear, bannerwise upon them, a pendant piece of tapestry or what is called crewel work, highly emblazoned with beads. These are used to prevent the heat of the fire from spoiling the complexions of the ladies sitting near by. The mantelpiece is black marble, and so is the kerb, outside the fender. The mantelpiece itself is covered by a valance of yellow velvet, scalloped round the edges, and bound with gold lace. There is a large black marble clock, rather like a sarcophagus, centre, and many ornaments of glass and china. A vast mirror is against the wall, with a curved top and flanked by a black wooden overmantel, which is carved and fretted and has shelves, each shelf holding an ornament.

To the right of the fireplace, in a recess, stands a settee, capable of holding two people, and it is covered with yellow silk. Behind it is a large standard oil lamp (there is no electricity in this house). The lamp is also of brass and is crowned by an enormous shade, made of pongée silk—yellow, of course. There are two gas brackets on each side of the fireplace, which have globes of yellow china. On the other side is a cabinet of black lacquer inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and in it are the heirlooms and artistic treasures, which have come down from great-grandpapa and grandmama, or have been acquired on the travels of the family or sent from relatives abroad. More ornaments and photos lie on top and pots, bearing ferns—not aspidistras—but often maidenhair, or a type which had foliage rather like ribbon. The main lighting is from a large chandelier, which hangs from the centre of the ceiling and from the centre of a circular shield of moulding. It has four gaslights, each with a yellow china globe, and gives a good light. In the remaining corner, but set across it, is the piano. No Victorian home

was complete without a piano. It is an upright grand and of black wood. Across its front runs a design of what appears to be fretwork, and behind the wooden trellis is pleated yellow satin. There is a circular piano stool, also in yellow silk. The piano has two ormulu candlesticks, in which are twisted candles with blobs of gold paint—or some sort of wax—on them. As a general rule there is a yellow "runner" along the top of the piano, which carries a regiment of photos in frames, more or less ornate. These have been removed, as the top of the piano has been opened. It is all a little stuffy—but to Victorians that was comfort.

The guests have been bidden for 7.30. Music at eight. The host and hostess await the arrivals in the drawing-room, she outwardly calm but weighing up the chances of the parlourmaid making mistakes. He seems calm enough, but is humming a little beneath his breath. Evening dress is not to be worn, so the lady has a rather elaborate confection, with a skirt developing an incipient train, and the gentleman wears his frock coat.

The guests begin to arrive. Usually they knock at the front door—for they have similar houses to the one they are visiting and know the unreliability of bells, either those to be pulled or the more modern and unfamiliar push-bells, said to work by electricity. They knock according to their personality, some quietly, some very hard, some rising to a crescendo at the end, others starting on the top note and diminishing. The door is opened smartly, for the parlourmaid is lurking in the hall. Her kitchen is a long way off and the distance would cause delay.

". . . refreshments were served in the Dining-room in the manner of a running buffet."

As the guests arrive, singly or in couples, they are greeted by the host and hostess. The ladies are escorted to the best bedroom, there to leave their wraps and cloaks and to titivate their hair. The men leave their hats and coats in the hall. Nearly all have brought their music, in little cases, sometimes of patent leather. They do not take these into the drawing-room, but leave them either in the bedroom or the hall.

To have taken them straight in would have been bad form; it would have shown over-eagerness to perform, and no Victorian could be guilty of bad taste. He or she has come there determined to sing, play or recite, and will be mortally offended if not asked so to do. But good manners demand a show of reluctance, an air of having brought the music by accident. Instruments are left in the hall, too. The ladies nearly all wear silk, most of the men frock coats, but some wear morning coats—the younger—and a minority, which usually included the "comic," wear lounge suits. All the collars are stiff and most of them high, all the shirts white and starched. All the men wear boots, none of them shoes.

The men go into the drawing-room, those who do not know each other are introduced, and they chat in a desultory manner, with occasional laughter, with their host. They all stand, because if they sit down they will have to rise constantly, as each lady enters, and that is bad for the knees of their trousers. No lady would enter that room first alone, among so many gentlemen. They wait upstairs until there is a cluster and then the hostess brings them in. Again introductions, chatter and laughter. The hostess has a busy time taking late arrivals up and downstairs, the host concerns himself only with the hall. And at last they are all gathered. There is a tendency now for things to hang fire, for groups to be formed and the odd stranger or two to feel a bit out of it. Talk is of music, of the theatre, of the latest musical comedy or Gilbert and Sullivan, of the recent concert—ballad concert usually—at the Queen's Hall. The comedian has already cracked a few jokes and had his meed of rather perfunctory laughter. But he has not warmed up yet; he is biding his time. It is his habit to be the "life and soul of the party," and he is going to do that come what may. Sometimes these gentry rather overdid it and made a joke about some ornament or piece of furniture which the room contained. The host and hostess joined in the general merriment, but their eyes met and they knew each other's mind. That comedian would not be asked again.

At the moment she judges right, the hostess, all wide-eyed and gay, will say: "Well, shall we have a little music?" and everyone will acclaim this brilliant and original idea (as if they had not come for that very purpose). Now the hostess knows pretty well the capability of each of her guests and has a programme all ready in her mind—the people have been invited to suit it, had they known (and they probably did). There is a stir of pleasurable excitement, as at her hostess's request Miss Edith Watt-Allen fetches her music and starts with a pianoforte solo. There are many suitable pieces, and it may be stated that the young lady—who takes lessons assiduously—has been preparing her party piece all through the summer, so she knows it pretty well and the number of wrong notes is surprisingly small, even if touch and variation are not of the best professional standard. The main trouble is "turning over." Most wrong notes are occasioned by that, because there is nearly always in the company a gentleman of no ability in entertaining but of great sociability and willingness, who will volunteer for the job. He knows not a note of music and strange effects occur, unless the player tells him *sotto voce* to wait until she nods before he turns. Even then he may miss the nod, obstruct the performer with the best intention in the world, and frequently knock the music off the stand. But everyone says it does not matter.

Some young ladies who sing prefer to play their own accompaniments. They will be attended by a swain who does their turning-over and by experience does it well. Many an engagement has come about through a young man's ability to "turn over." He has the pleasure of standing by the object of his affection as she sings, of gazing down upon her, and perhaps of meeting her eyes in the tender passages—and then, at the first opportunity, he will pop the question. "Turning over" is often a short cut to matrimony. As a rule, whoever plays that opening solo, man or woman, is a pretty good pianist, does not require the services of a "turner-over," and acts as accompanist for the evening, usually very efficiently.

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"A PEASANT INTERIOR," by ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE.

Dutch Masterpieces of the 17th Century

Reproductions from the Great Exhibition at the Royal Academy

THIS fine and representative exhibition of Dutch pictures, painted between 1450 and 1750, was remarkable in that over 620 of the exhibits came from Britain, many of them from private collections. Fewer than 20 were sent from Holland. The examples on these pages are from the seventeenth century, when painting flourished in Holland and when there were more masters of the art than there have ever been in a European country in a similar period of time.

The British taste for sea subjects was largely responsible for introducing the great period of art to this country. In the middle of the Anglo-Dutch war, William van de Velde, who had been the official Dutch war artist, came over to be paid by the British Admiralty. Collectors soon became aware of the treasures in Holland, but it was not until the Napoleonic Wars that really considerable numbers came over here, although many fine pictures were bought in the eighteenth century. The exhibition could almost be described as a record of British collecting of the work of Dutch painters. Nearly fifty Rembrandts were among them, including a portrait of the artist's mother, presented to King Charles I, soon after it was painted. Many of the pictures came from the Royal collections.

"A GIRL SEWING," by NICOLAES MAES.

"COURTYARD OF A COUNTRY INN," by ISAACK VAN OSTADE.

"THE SCHOOL," by JAN STEEN.

This picture, teeming with the peasant life of the seventeenth century, was lent by the Earl of Ellesmere for the exhibition which was held at Burlington House at the beginning of this year. Jan Steen (1626-79), one of the most brilliant painters of *genre* subjects, was much under the influence of Adriaen van Ostade (a comparison may be made with the picture opposite). Many of his paintings are in private collections in this country.

"THE DUET," by GERARD TERBORCH.

"A LADY AT THE VIRGINALS," by JOHANNES VERMEER.

1644 ; John Evelyn.—*On Christmas-eve I walked from church to church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of scenes which the friars had with much industry set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessel set on purpose; especially observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity.*

1657 ; John Evelyn.—*I went to London with my wife, to celebrate Christmas-day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter chapel. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them some in the house, others carried away. In the afternoon, came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us one by one . . . When I came before them they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart; for which we had no Scripture . . . Finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance.*

1665 ; Samuel Pepys.—*To church in the morning and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition; every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.*

1668 ; Samuel Pepys.—*Dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch, sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar, and Des Cartes' book of Musick.*

(Further extracts from famous

with the Diarists

December 27th, 1829 ; Charles C. F. Greville.—*At Panshanger since the 24th with the Lievens, John Russell, Montrond, M. de la Rochefoucauld, Frederick Lamb. On Christmas Day the Princess (Lieven) got up a little fête such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen ; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of coloured wax candles—blue, green, red and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, workboxes, books and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children ; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages.*

1712 ; Jonathan Swift.—*I carryed Parnel to dine at Ld. Bolingb—— and he behaved himself very well, and Ld Bol— is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James Chappel by 8 this morning, and Church & Sacrament were done by ten. The Qu— has the Gout in her Hand, & did not come to Church to day ; and I stayd so long in my Chambr that I misst going to Court. Did I tell you that the Qu— designs to have a drawing-Room and Company every day. Nite deelogues.*

December 26th, 1712 ; Jonathan Swift.—*I was to wish the D. Ormd a happy Christmas, & give half a Crown to his Porter. it will cost me a dozen half Crowns among such Fellows.* (Extract from *Journal to Stella.*)

diarists appear on page 52)

1762 ; James Boswell.—*The night before I did not rest well. I was really violently in love with Louisa. I thought she did not care for me. I thought that if I did not gain her affections, I would appear despicable to myself. This day I was in a better frame, being Christmas day, which has always inspired me with most agreable feelings. I went to St. Paul's Church and in that magnificent temple fervently adored the God of goodness and mercy.*

Queen Victoria's Carte-de-Visite, *1861*

Mourning—Queen Victoria in Brussels, 1862

Page From a Royal Album

Above left—
The fashion for the *carte-de-visite* portrait, introduced to Britain from France in 1857, became popular after J. E. Mayall (who took the above picture) issued photographs of the Royal Family in 1860. These sold in hundreds of thousands at 1s. 6d. a copy. It is amusing to note how the photographer got over the difficulty of the difference in stature between the Queen and her Consort.

Above right—
In July 1862, the widowed Queen Victoria visited her uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians, at Laeken to meet Princess Alexandra of Denmark, his choice of a bride for the young Prince of Wales. During her stay there the Queen was photographed by the Court photographer, Ghémar, of Brussels.

Right—
The result of Queen Victoria's visit to Laeken was the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra. This picture was taken by the firm of Turner and Drinkwater about 1880.

Left—
The son of the Emperor William I married Queen Victoria's eldest daughter in 1858. He was often a guest at Balmoral. On the occasion of his visit in 1865 Prince Frederick William was photographed in Highland dress by the Photographer Royal for Scotland, George Washington Wilson.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, Balmoral, 1865

Edward VII and his Queen when Prince and Princess of Wales, 1880

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The author–Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810–1865)

Christmas Storms and Sunshine

A Victorian Short Story by the Author of "Cranford"

Mrs. Gaskell's short story, 'Christmas Storms and Sunshine,' was first published in 'Howitt's Journal' in 1848. Two years later it appeared, together with 'The Sexton's Hero,' in a booklet which was produced as a contribution to a fête, held for the benefit of the Macclesfield Public Baths and Wash-houses. It has a rich Dickensian quality which reminds one of the friendship which existed between Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Dickens, although it was not among the numerous stories of hers which Dickens published, as editor of 'Household Words.'

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell was born in Chelsea in 1810, the daughter of William Stevenson who was, in turn, Unitarian minister; farmer; boarding-house keeper; editor of the 'Scots Magazine'; author; and, finally, Keeper of the Records for the Treasury in London. Her mother died when she was only a month old, and she went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, who lived at Knutsford in Cheshire. It was her years at Knutsford which gave her the background and material for her most celebrated work, 'Cranford.' At the age of 21, she married William Gaskell, at that time Unitarian minister of the chapel in Cross Street, Manchester.

In 1844 their only son died of scarlet fever, and it was at her husband's suggestion that Elizabeth Gaskell began her first full length novel as a distraction from her grief. This was 'Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life.' Published in 1848, it at once established her literary reputation at home, and it was translated into several languages, including French, German and Finnish. The success of 'Mary Barton' introduced her to the literary circles of the day and she was soon to meet Dickens, Thackeray and Carlyle. When Charles Dickens made his first editorial plans for 'Household Words,' he at once wrote to her, and the first number, on March 30th, 1850, contained the first instalment of 'Lizzie Leigh.' Mrs. Gaskell contributed regularly to the journal and it was in 'Household Words' that 'Cranford' was first published between December 1851 and May 1853.

In 1857 her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' was published—a biography which was to be considered a model of its kind. Elizabeth Gaskell first met Charlotte Brontë in August 1850 when she was visiting Sir James Kay Shuttleworth in the Lake District. They became close friends and Charlotte visited the Gaskells more than once in Manchester in succeeding years. Mrs. Gaskell visited Haworth in autumn 1853, and she and her husband were present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, the following year. The 'Life' was undertaken at the personal request of Mr. Brontë.

At the time of publication of the original edition, certain persons mentioned in it complained of facts which Mrs. Gaskell had had direct from Charlotte Brontë. Retraction of the statements had to be made and the edition withdrawn. Later she received much correspondence over small points, which she endeavoured to correct in succeeding editions. The result of all these tedious criticisms, which were only upon minor points, was to discourage her from writing for a time.

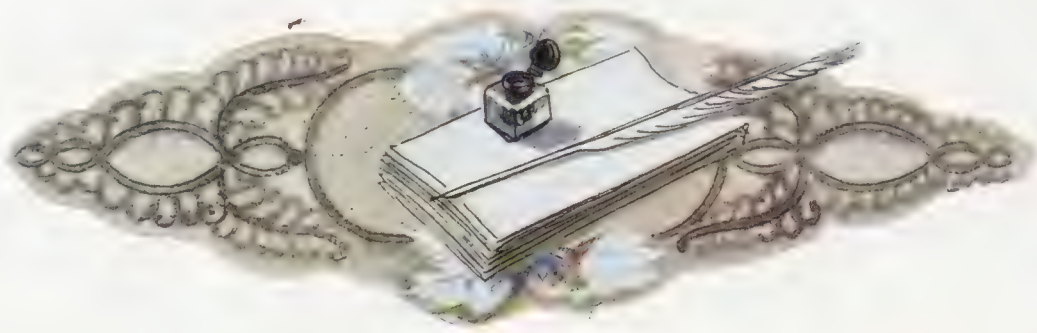
Only eight years remained to Mrs. Gaskell after the publication of the 'Life,' before she died in November 1865 at the age of 55. In the meantime she was to complete her last long novel, 'Sylvia's Lovers.' The story of smugglers and the press-gang riots at the end of the 18th century was published in 1863. Her last story, 'Wives and Daughters,' appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine' from August 1864 until January 1866, and was reprinted as an uncompleted work in the following year. She was near the end of this last book when she was carried away by disease of the heart 'without a moment's warning.' At the time of her death she was talking to three of her daughters in the country house at Holybourne, near Alton in Hampshire, which she had bought with the earnings of her last book.

Mrs. Gaskell led a life of domestic happiness and she had many friends. Her interest in the life of the day is reflected in her writings and she did much valuable work for the poor.

IN the town of —— (no matter where) there circulated two local newspapers (no matter when). Now the *Flying Post* was long established and respectable—alias bigoted and Tory; the *Examiner* was spirited and intelligent—alias new-fangled and democratic. Every week these newspapers contained articles abusing each other; as cross and peppery as articles could be, and evidently the production of irritated minds, although they seemed to have one stereotyped commencement—'Though the article appearing in last week's *Post* (or *Examiner*) is below contempt, yet we have been induced,' etc., etc.—and every Saturday the Radical shopkeepers shook hands together, and agreed that the *Post* was done for, by the slashing clever *Examiner*; while the more dignified Tories began by regretting that Johnson should think that low paper, only read by a few of the vulgar, worth wasting his wit upon; however the *Examiner* was at its last gasp.

It was not though. It lived and flourished; at least it paid its way, as one of the heroes of my story could tell. He was chief compositor, or whatever title may be given to the head-man of the mechanical part of a newspaper. He hardly confined himself to that department. Once or twice, unknown to the editor, when the manuscript had fallen short, he had filled up the vacant space by compositions of his own; announcements of a forthcoming crop of green peas in December; a grey thrush having been seen, or a white hare, or such interesting phenomena; invented for the occasion, I must confess; but what of that? His wife always knew when to expect a little specimen of her husband's literary talent by a peculiar cough, which served as prelude; and, judging from this encouraging sign, and the high-pitched and emphatic voice in which he read them, she was inclined to think, that an 'Ode to an early Rosebud,' in the corner devoted to original poetry, and a letter in the correspondence department, signed

(*Continued on page* 44)



Under a sky whose colour is a silvery variation on a theme of blue . . . High above the comfortable valley, but still as far as ever from the ancient, lonely peaks . . . . Content for a moment with oneself, with one another and even with all the world . . . . And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

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CHRISTMAS STORMS AND SUNSHINE (Continued from page 42)

' . . . she gave him such a beating . . . when lo! and behold, Mrs. Jenkins stood at the door . . .'

' Pro Bono Publico,' were her husband's writing, and to hold up her head accordingly.

I never could find out what it was that occasioned the Hodgsons to lodge in the same house as the Jenkinses. Jenkins held the same office in the Tory paper, as Hodgson did in the *Examiner*, and, as I said before, I leave you to give it a name. But Jenkins had a proper sense of his position, and a proper reverence for all in authority, from the king down to the editor, and sub-editor. He would as soon have thought of borrowing the king's crown for a nightcap, or the king's sceptre for a walking-stick, as he would have thought of filling up any spare corner with any production of his own; and I think it would have even added to his contempt of Hodgson (if that were possible), had he known of the ' productions of his brain,' as the latter fondly alluded to the paragraphs he inserted, when speaking to his wife.

Jenkins had his wife too. Wives were wanting to finish the completeness of the quarrel, which existed one memorable Christmas week, some dozen years ago, between the two neighbours, the two compositors. And with wives, it was a very pretty, a very complete quarrel. To make the opposing parties still more equal, still more well-matched, if the Hodgsons had a baby (' such a baby!—a poor puny little thing '), Mrs. Jenkins had a cat (' such a cat! a great, nasty, miowling tom-cat, that was always stealing the milk put by for little Angel's supper '). And now, having matched Greek with Greek, I must proceed to the tug of war. It was the day before Christmas; such a cold east wind! such an inky sky! such a blue-black look in people's faces, as they were driven out more than usual, to complete their purchases for the next day's festival.

Before leaving home that morning, Jenkins had given some money to his wife to buy the next day's dinner.

' My dear, I wish for turkey and sausages. It may be a weakness, but I own I am partial to sausages. My deceased mother was. Such tastes are hereditary. As to the sweets—whether plum-pudding or mince-pies—I leave such considerations to you; I only beg you not to mind expense. Christmas comes but once a year.'

And again he had called out from the bottom of the first flight of stairs, just close to the Hodgsons' door (' Such ostentatiousness,' as Mrs. Hodgson observed), ' You will not forget the sausages, my dear? '

' I should have liked to have had something above common, Mary,' said Hodgson, as they too made their plans for the next day, " but I think roast beef must do for us. You see, love, we've a family.'

' Only one, Jem! I don't want more than roast beef, though, I'm sure. Before I went to service, mother and me would have thought roast beef a very fine dinner.'

' Well, let's settle it then, roast beef and a plum-pudding; and now, good-bye. Mind and take care of little Tom. I thought he was a bit hoarse this morning.'

And off he went to his work.

Now, it was a good while since Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Hodgson had spoken to each other, although they were quite as much in possession of the knowledge of events and opinions as though they did. Mary knew that Mrs. Jenkins despised her for not having a real lace cap, which Mrs. Jenkins had; and for having been a servant, which Mrs. Jenkins had not; and the little occasional pinchings which the Hodgsons were obliged to resort to, to make both ends meet, would have been very patiently endured by Mary, if she had not winced under Mrs. Jenkins's knowledge of such economy. But she had her revenge. She had a child, and Mrs. Jenkins had none. To have had a child, even such a puny baby as little Tom, Mrs. Jenkins would have worn commonest caps, and cleaned grates, and drudged her fingers to the bone. The great unspoken disappointment of her life soured her temper, and turned her thoughts inward, and made her morbid and selfish.

' Hang that cat! he's been stealing again! he's gnawed the cold mutton in his nasty mouth till it's not fit to set before a Christian; and I've nothing else for Jem's dinner. But I'll give it him now I've caught him, that I will! '

So saying, Mary Hodgson caught up her husband's Sunday cane, and despite pussy's cries and scratches, she gave him such a beating as she hoped might cure him of his thievish propensities; when lo! and behold, Mrs. Jenkins stood at the door with a face of bitter wrath.

' Aren't you ashamed of yourself, ma'am, to abuse a poor dumb animal, ma'am, as knows no better than to take food when he sees it, ma'am? He only follows the nature which God has given, ma'am; and it's a pity your nature, ma'am, which I've heard is of the stingy saving species, does not make you shut your cupboard-door a little closer. There is such a thing as law for brute animals. I'll ask Mr. Jenkins, but I don't think them Radicals has done away with that law yet, for all their Reform Bill, ma'am. My poor precious love of a Tommy, is he hurt? and is his leg broke for taking a mouthful of scraps, as most people would give away to a beggar—if he'd take 'em! ' wound up Mrs. Jenkins, casting a contemptuous look on the remnant of a scrag end of mutton.

Mary felt very angry and very guilty. For she really pitied the poor limping animal as he crept up to his mistress, and there lay down to bemoan himself; she wished she had not beaten him so hard, for it certainly was her own careless way of never shutting the cupboard-door that had tempted him to his fault. But the sneer at her little bit of mutton turned her penitence to fresh wrath, and she shut the door in Mrs. Jenkins's face, as she stood caressing her cat in the lobby, with such a bang, that it wakened little Tom, and he began to cry.

Everything was to go wrong with Mary to-day. Now baby was awake, who was to take her husband's dinner to the office? She took the child in her arms, and tried to hush him off to sleep again, and as she sang she cried, she could hardly tell why—a sort of reaction from her violent angry feelings. She wished she had never beaten the poor cat; she wondered if his leg was really broken. What would her mother say if she knew how cross and cruel her little Mary was getting? If she should live to beat her child in one of her angry fits?

(*Continued on page* 46)

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

CHRISTMAS STORMS AND SUNSHINE (Continued from page 44)

It was of no use lullabying while she sobbed so; it must be given up, and she must just carry her baby in her arms, and take him with her to the office, for it was long past dinner-time. So she pared the mutton carefully, although by so doing she reduced the meat to an infinitesimal quantity, and taking the baked potatoes out of the oven, she popped them piping hot into her basket with the et-cæteras of plate, butter, salt, and knife and fork.

It was, indeed, a bitter wind. She bent against it as she ran, and the flakes of snow were sharp and cutting as ice. Baby cried all the way, though she cuddled him up in her shawl. Then her husband had made his appetite up for a potato pie, and (literary man as he was) his body got so much the better of his mind, that he looked rather black at the cold mutton. Mary had no appetite for her own dinner when she arrived at home again. So, after she had tried to feed baby, and he had fretfully refused to take his bread and milk, she laid him down as usual on his quilt, surrounded by playthings, while she sidled away, and chopped suet for the next day's pudding. Early in the afternoon a parcel came, done up first in brown paper, then in such a white, grass-bleached, sweet-smelling towel, and a note from her dear, dear mother; in which quaint writing she endeavoured to tell her daughter that she was not forgotten at Christmas time; but that learning that Farmer Burton was killing his pig, she had made interest for some of his famous pork, out of which she had manufactured some sausages, and flavoured them just as Mary used to like when she lived at home.

'Dear, dear mother!' said Mary to herself. 'There never was any one like her for remembering other folk. What rare sausages she used to make! Home things have a smack with 'em, no bought things can ever have. Set them up with their sausages! I've a notion if Mrs. Jenkins had ever tasted mother's, she'd have no fancy for them town-made things Fanny took in just now.'

And so she went on thinking about home, till the smiles and the dimples came out again at the remembrance of that pretty cottage, which would look green even now in the depth of winter, with its pyracanthus, and its holly-bushes, and the great Portugal laurel that was her mother's pride. And the back path through the orchard to Farmer Burton's; how well she remembered it. The bushels of unripe apples she had picked up there, and distributed among his pigs, till he had scolded her for giving them so much green trash.

She was interrupted—her baby (I call him a baby, because his father and mother did, and because he was so little of his age, but I rather think he was eighteen months old) had fallen asleep some time before among his playthings; an uneasy, restless sleep; but of which Mary had been thankful, as his morning's nap had been too short, and as she was so busy. But now he began to make such a strange crowing noise, just like a chair drawn heavily and gratingly along a kitchen-floor! His eyes were open, but expressive of nothing but pain.

'Mother's darling!' said Mary, in terror, lifting him up. 'Baby, try not to make that noise. Hush—hush—darling; what hurts him?' But the noise came worse and worse.

'Fanny! Fanny!' Mary called in mortal fright, for her baby was almost black with his gasping breath, and she had no one to ask for aid or sympathy but her landlady's daughter, a little girl of 12 or 13, who attended to the house in her mother's absence, as daily cook in gentlemen's families. Fanny was more especially considered the attendant of the upstairs lodgers (who paid for the use of the kitchen, 'for Jenkins could not abide the smell of meat cooking'), but just now she was fortunately sitting at her afternoon's work of darning stockings, and hearing Mrs. Hodgson's cry of terror, she ran to her sitting-room, and understood the case at a glance.

'He's got the croup! Oh, Mrs. Hodgson, he'll die as sure as fate. Little brother had it, and he died in no time. The doctor said he could do nothing for him, it had gone too far; he said if we'd put him in a warm bath at first, it might have have saved him; but, bless you! he was never half so bad as your baby.' Unconsciously there mingled in her statement some of a child's love of producing an effect; but the increasing danger was clear enough.

'Oh, my baby! my baby. Oh, love! love! don't look so ill; I cannot bear it. And my fire so low! There, I was thinking of home, and picking currants, and never minding the fire. Oh, Fanny! what is the fire like in the kitchen? speak.'

'Mother told me to screw it up, and throw some slack on as soon as Mrs. Jenkins had done with it, and so I did; it's very low and black. But oh, Mrs. Hodgson! let me run for the doctor—I cannot abear to hear him, it's so like little brother.'

(*Continued on page* 48)

'It was, indeed, a bitter wind. She bent against it as she ran, and the flakes of snow were sharp and cutting as ice.' **On right:** *'But she did everything, and more than Mary, with her young inexperience, could have thought of. She prepared the warm bath, and tried it with her husband's own thermometer.'*

1 2

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CHRISTMAS STORMS AND SUNSHINE (Continued from page 46)

Through her streaming tears Mary motioned her to go; and trembling, sinking, sick at heart, she laid her boy in his cradle, and ran to fill her kettle.

Mrs. Jenkins having cooked her husband's snug little dinner, to which he came home; having told him her story of pussy's beating, at which he was justly and dignifiedly (?) indignant, saying it was all of a piece with that abusive *Examiner*; having received the sausages, and turkey, and mince-pies, which her husband had ordered; and cleaned up the room, and prepared everything for tea, and coaxed and duly bemoaned her cat (who had pretty nearly forgotten his beating, but very much enjoyed the petting)—having done all these and many other things, Mrs. Jenkins sat down to get up the real lace cap. Every thread was pulled out separately, and carefully stretched: when, what was that? Outside, in the street, a chorus of piping children's voices sang the old carol she had heard a hundred times in the days of her youth.

'As Joseph was a walking he heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be born our heavenly King.
He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.
He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen, as were babies all:
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould,"'
etc.

She got up and went to the window. There, below, stood the group of grey black little figures, relieved against the snow, which now enveloped everything. 'For old sake's sake,' as she phrased it, she counted out a halfpenny apiece for the singers, out of the copper bag, and threw them down below.

The room had become chilly while she had been counting out and throwing down her money, so she stirred her already glowing fire, and sat down right before it—but not to stretch her lace; like Mary Hodgson, she began to think over long-past days—on softening remembrances of the dead and gone—on words long forgotten—on holy stories heard at her mother's knee.

'I cannot think what's come over me to-night,' said she, half-aloud, recovering herself by the sound of her own voice from her train of thought; 'my head goes wandering on them old times. I'm sure more texts have come into my head with thinking on my mother within this last half hour, than I've thought on for years and years. I hope I'm not going to die. Folks say, thinking too much on the dead betokens we're going to join 'em; I should be loth to go just yet—such a fine turkey as we've got for dinner to-morrow, too!'

Knock, knock, knock, at the door, as fast as knuckles could go. And then, as if the comer could not wait, the door was opened, and Mary Hodgson stood there as white as death.

'Mrs. Jenkins!—oh, your kettle is boiling, thank God! Let me have the water for my baby, for the love of God!—he's got croup, and is dying!'

Mrs. Jenkins turned on her chair with a wooden inflexible look on her face, that (between ourselves) her husband knew and dreaded for all his pompous dignity.

'I'm sorry I can't oblige you, ma'am; my kettle is wanted for my husband's tea. Don't be afeared, Tommy, Mrs. Hodgson won't venture to intrude herself where she's not desired. You'd better send for the doctor, ma'am, instead of wasting your time in wringing your hands, ma'am—my kettle is engaged.'

Mary clasped her hands together with passionate force, but spoke no word of entreaty to that wooden face—that sharp, determined voice; but as she turned away, she prayed for strength to bear the coming trial, and strength to forgive Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins watched her go away meekly, as one who has no hope, and then she turned upon herself as sharply as she ever did on any one else.

'What a brute I am, Lord forgive me! What's my husband's tea to a baby's life? In croup, too, where time is everything. You crabbed old vixen, you—any one may know you never had a child!'

She was downstairs (kettle in hand) before she had finished her self-upbraiding; and when in Mrs. Hodgson's room, she rejected all thanks (Mary had not the voice for many words), saying stiffly, 'I do it for the poor babby's sake, ma'am, hoping he may live to have mercy to poor dumb beasts, if he does forget to lock his cupboards.'

But she did everything, and more than Mary, with her young inexperience, could have thought of. She prepared the warm bath, and tried it with her husband's own thermometer (Mr. Jenkins was as punctual as clock-work in noting down the temperature of every day). She let his mother place her baby in the tub, still preserving the same rigid affronted aspect, and then she went upstairs without a word. Mary longed to ask her to stay, but dared not; though, when she left the room, the tears chased each other down her cheeks faster than ever. Poor young mother! how she counted the minutes till the doctor should come. But, before he came, down again stalked Mrs. Jenkins, with something in her hand.

'I've seen many of these croup-fits, which, I take it, you've not, ma'am. Mustard plaisters is very sovereign put on the throat; I've been up and made one, ma'am, and by your leave, I'll put it on the poor little fellow.'

Mary could not speak, but she signed her grateful assent.

It began to smart while they still kept silence; and he looked up to his mother as if seeking courage from her looks to bear the stinging pain, but she was softly crying, to see him suffer, and her want of courage reacted upon him, and he began to sob aloud. Instantly Mrs. Jenkins's apron was up, hiding her face; 'Peep bo, baby,' said she, as merrily as she could. His little face brightened, and his mother having once got the cue, the two women kept the little fellow amused, until his plaister had taken effect.

'He's better—oh, Mrs. Jenkins, look at his eyes! how different! And he breathes quite softly—'

As Mary spoke thus, the doctor entered. He examined his patient. Baby was really better.

'It has been a sharp attack, but the remedies you have applied have been worth all the Pharmacopoeia an hour later.—I shall send a powder,' etc., etc.

'Turkey at the top, roast beef at the bottom, sausages at one side, potatoes at the other.'

Mrs. Jenkins stayed to hear this opinion; and (her heart wonderfully more easy) was going to leave the room, when Mary seized her hand and kissed it; she could not speak her gratitude.

Mrs. Jenkins looked affronted and awkward, and as if she must go upstairs and wash her hand directly.

But, in spite of these sour looks, she came softly down an hour or so afterwards to see how baby was.

The little gentleman slept well after the fright he had given his friends; and on Christmas morning, when Mary awoke and looked at the sweet little pale face lying on her arm, she could hardly realize the danger he had been in.

When she came down (later than usual), she found the household in a commotion. What do you think had happened? Why, pussy had been a traitor to his best friend, and eaten up some of Mr. Jenkins's own especial sausages; and gnawed and tumbled the rest so, that they were not fit to be eaten! There were no bounds to that cat's appetite! he would have eaten his own father if he had been tender enough. And now Mrs. Jenkins stormed and cried—'Hang the cat.'

Christmas-day, too! and all the shops shut! 'What was turkey without sausages?' gruffly asked Mr. Jenkins.

(*Concluded on page* 54)

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Fruits of Victory *(Continued from page 31)*

battles fought and won. One of the few representations is this formal but lively one on a great urn of the Prussian Service, with the ominous background of smoke, the flaring Union Jacks and the proud horseman. Wellington is shown with his staff on that memorable day, June 18th, 1815. The details of the famous battle need not be repeated here, and perhaps we may be forgiven for taking this opportunity to dwell on a horse—Wellington's famous charger, *Copenhagen*. The artist who painted this scene—unknown as are all the painters of the Prussian Service—was clearly in a dilemma; for *Copenhagen* was a chestnut. But to make the Commander stand out dramatically, it was clearly impossible to place him on anything but a white horse. So *Copenhagen* was whitewashed for the occasion. Most horse-lovers know that he was born in 1808 and lived until 1836, when he died peacefully on February 12th at the Duke's country seat, Stratfield Saye.

Lisbon (Prussian Service). This scene shows a waterfront view of Lisbon with the River Tagus on the right. A curious but colourful grouping of figures occupies the foreground, where some men are dancing to the music of bagpipe and drum, while others look on or drink. It was at Lisbon that Wellington (as Sir Arthur Wellesley) first landed when he came to the Peninsula in 1809. He reached Lisbon on April 22nd, and found the enemy almost at its gates. Soult, with 25,000 men, was at Oporto; and Victor with a force of over 20,000 was on the banks of the Tagus with headquarters at Merida. It is interesting to note that Wellington was as near death as at any time in his life when sailing for Portugal. He was on board the *Surveillante* and she nearly foundered off the Isle of Wight. Had it not been for an extraordinary change of wind direction, Wellington and his party would most likely have been drowned. It was from Lisbon that Wellington set out to fight Soult's army at Oporto, and the story of the passage of the Douro is told elsewhere in this article.

The Battle of Vimeiro (Prussian Service). Sir Arthur Wellesley, as he was then, very nearly did not fight the Battle of Vimeiro (1808)—the second battle of the Peninsular campaign. The French had just been beaten at Roleia, at considerable expense to the British, and when Wellesley moved southwards he was to be faced with a French army of 13,000. He was covering the landing of more British troops at Vimeiro when, most unfortunately, he found a senior officer with them—Sir Harry Burrard—who automatically took over command. Wellesley advocated immediate advance but Sir Harry was all for waiting, although he knew nothing about the position, and did not even land to find out what was what. This was to prove lucky, because Sir Harry, in not landing, left Wellington a few more hours in command; and during that time the French commander, Junot, decided to attack. Wellington was delighted: "I am the most fortunate of men," he wrote, "Junot attacked us yesterday morning with his whole force, and we completely defeated him." Sir Harry ultimately landed and found the battle in progress, and mercifully left Wellington to get on with the job, which he most successfully did. The date was August 21st, 1808. But it was Sir Harry who stopped him from following up this victory and it was nearly wasted. This magnificent tureen in the Prussian Service gives us one of those "polite" representations of war which make up so much military illustration. Junot is seen to the left on his decoratively prancing horse and the British Commanders sit confidently on the other side.

Aix-la-Chapelle (Prussian Service). This scene shows the house of a Monsieur de Guaita, who was probably the Duke of Wellington's host during the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818. Two sentries guard the entrance to the house and a grand carriage is seen taking the Duke to the Town Hall where the delegates assembled—England being represented by Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington. The Congress was called to decide the question of the withdrawal of the allied occupation army in France, and other problems including a military alliance: Great Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia took part.

Apsley House and Piccadilly (Prussian Service). Piccadilly takes its name from the seventeenth century article of fashion called the *pickadill*, a word which had come to mean (amongst other things) a stiff lace collar, much exploited by the rich tailor, Robert Baker. This enterprising man bought land on the site, and built what was later to be called Pickadilly Hall. Apparently starting as a nickname for the house, the name was soon adopted formally, and ultimately was applied to the whole street. Here we see Apsley House on the left—next to the Park gates—and the adjoining residences standing to the east. On the right are the railings of Green Park with some interesting forms of street lamp clearly visible. The dip in the present road between Hyde Park Corner and the Ritz Hotel is shown here as a very marked feature; but it might well have been steeper then than now. Many Londoners have heard the title "Number One, London" applied to Apsley House, and have wondered how the name arose. For a long time it was thought to have originated in modern times as a facetious compliment; but it is now felt likely that the name is as old as the house. For to the traveller approaching London from the west, or south-west, Apsley House would be the first considerable residence to be met with, and hence come naturally to be called colloquially "Number One, London."

THE GREAT CENTREPIECE OF THE PRUSSIAN SERVICE: The porcelain obelisk is lettered in gilt relief on green with the Duke's name and titles on two sides; his orders and decorations on the other two. It stands on a green and gilt platform on which rest models of eight river gods, modelled in biscuit porcelain, representing the Kaitna, Thames, Ebro, Douro, Seine, Sambre, Garonne and Taio.

Eton College (Prussian Service). The Duke went to Eton in 1781, from Brown's preparatory school in Chelsea. On the left, in this scene, is the college chapel, showing its striking resemblance to the chapel of its sister foundation of King's College, Cambridge—both buildings being probably designed by the same architect. It should perhaps be noted here that there is no evidence whatsoever that Wellington said the Battle of Waterloo was fought on the playing-fields of Eton. In 1784 his mother removed him from Eton and took him to Brussels, where his education was continued privately under Louis Gouhert, a barrister. Reports of his school days suggest that he was both aloof and somewhat aggressive. Mathematics and music were his best subjects, and he learnt to play the violin. But his severe mother decided that he should go into the army; her "ugly boy Arthur," she said, was "fit food for powder." So in 1786 he was sent to Pignerol's military academy at Angers in France, where he stayed a year. In 1787 he was gazetted Ensign in the 73rd (Highland) Regiment, and so started his military career.

The Palace of Versailles. This is one of the most charming scenes on the Wellington porcelain and is borne on a tray in a Sèvres porcelain breakfast set presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII. It shows the Palace of Versailles seen from the far side of the "Pièce d'Eau des Suisses." The composition and spirit of this picture are delightful, with the trees starting in the foreground and stretching away beside the water, the mounted huntsmen (and one woman) and their dogs in the foreground, and the contrast first of the calm lake—and then the forms of the buildings—with the fresh green of the trees. The set was painted by J. B. G. Langlacé, and the gilding executed by D. J. Moreau. It was completed in 1814 and, before presentation to the Duke, was exhibited in the Tuileries Palace in January of 1815. The set bears views taken from the neighbourhood of Sèvres, in whose porcelain factory it was made.

Vue de la Grande Rue et de la Fontaine du Bon Succès (Saxon Service). This plate provides one of the minor mysteries of Apsley House, because the location of the attractive scene has not yet been identified. All but this plate have the place name clearly printed on the back. The town is obviously of considerable size and importance. The general rule is for the inscriptions to be written in the language appropriate to the place depicted. This scene, therefore, must not only be connected with Wellington's career, but also situated in France. Then one sees the women weaving mantillas, and the male "peasant" costumes resembling mountain types; in addition, there is a typical pack-mule in the foreground. The conclusion is that the town lies in south-western France, near the Pyrenees, through which Wellington passed in the last days of the Peninsular campaign.

The River Douro at Oporto (Saxon Service). This unusual painting, with the soldier-manned craft in the foreground, shows the scene of the passage of the Douro, which took place on the morning of May 12th, 1809. "After the battle of Cerigo, the French repassed to the north of the Douro, on the night of the 11th, and destroyed the bridge of boats between the City of Oporto and the suburb of Villa Nova da Gaya. The allied army arrived on the banks of the Douro, opposite Oporto, at eleven in the forenoon, and Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately resolved to attempt the passage of the river, in order to second Marshal Beresford's operations on the Upper Douro. Early in the morning, a detachment of the Hanoverian Legion, a squadron of cavalry, and two six-pounders, were sent to cross the river, near Avintes, four miles above Oporto. General Paget led the troops to the heights, where they defended themselves with intrepidity against a body of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. General Paget was wounded. At length Generals Murray and Sherbrooke attacked them on the right, and forced them to retreat towards Amarante." This river scene, with its romantic background of rocky heights, reminds one that when Wellington was raised to the peerage in August of that year he chose the title Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera; and in 1814, following the Battle of Vitoria, he became Marquess Douro and Duke of Wellington. The present Duke's son bears the title Marquess Douro.

Allegorical Scene. The small breakfast service containing this tray has a romantic history. It was made about 1810 as a travelling service for Joseph Bonaparte—Napoleon's brother—after he had been made King of Spain. The tray is painted in colours and gilt, and shows an allegorical scene representing the wealth and prowess of Spain. This porcelain breakfast set was made in the factory of Guerhard and Dihl in the Rue du Temple at Paris, and with it is to be seen its finely made travelling case with attachments for fixing to the King's carriage. It was at the Battle of Vitoria (1813) that Joseph fled from the battlefield in this carriage, hotly pursued by a squadron of the British 10th Hussars. The carriage was all but overtaken when it was seen to stop, vigorously defended by French cavalry, until its royal occupant had had time to escape. Then the vehicle was abandoned. In the carriage was found this breakfast set, as well as more than 165 paintings which Joseph Bonaparte had looted from the Spanish Royal collections. The Duke of Wellington intended to return these pictures to their rightful owner, but the King wished him to keep them. They include some of the finest works of art in Apsley House.

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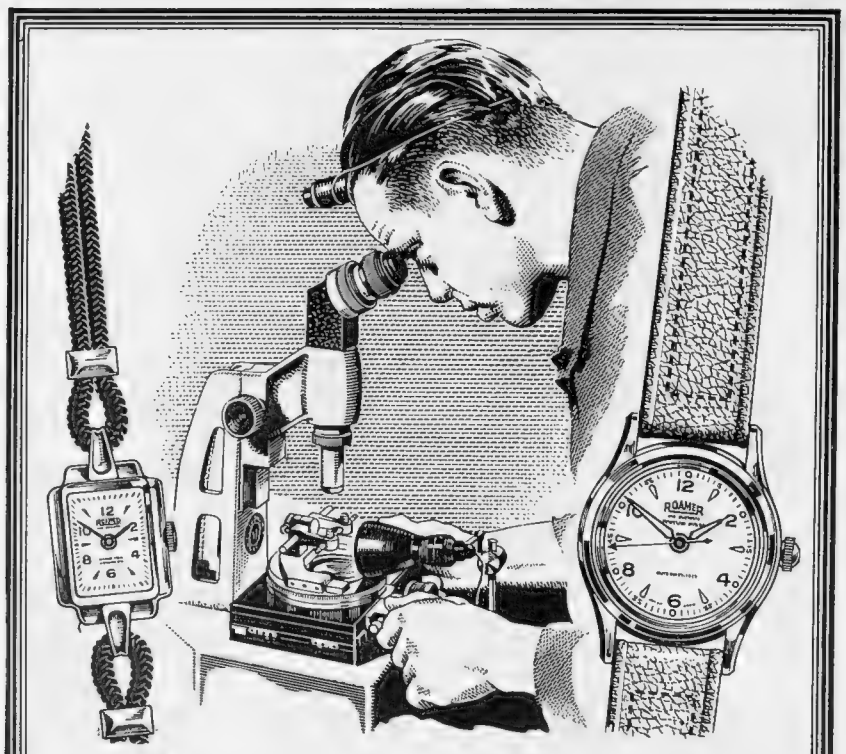

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CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE DIARISTS

(Continued from page 39)

1860, The Rev. Benjamin John Armstrong: *Without doubt the most intensely cold that I can remember. A ray of sunshine coming out as the communicants came to the rail, melted the congealed damp in the open roof, and down came the heavy drops of water, which, however, became ice immediately upon reaching the floor or the seats. The ground is covered with a deep snow. We spent a very happy evening during which the clerk and some of the choristers came in and sang some ancient Christmas carols.*

1839, Queen Victoria: *Got up at ¼ p.* 9 *and breakfasted at* 10*m-to* 10. *Read one of Arnold's sermons and part of another; they are so fine. At* 11 *I went to church with Mamma and all the ladies and gentlemen. Besides Mamma, Lord Melbourne, Lord and Lady Normanby, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord Byron and Lady Fanny were with me in the Closet. They sang a beautiful anthem by Handel, "There were shepherds"; I never heard anything so beautiful as the boy's voice. We stayed upstairs during all the prayers in the Communion Service, and then went down, and we all knelt before the Altar; that is, I, Mamma, Lady Normanby, my* 3 *ladies, Lord Melbourne, Lord Normanby, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Lady Fanny and Lord Byron. It was a fine and solemn scene in this fine old Chapel. I felt for one, my dearest Albert,—and wished he could be by my side,—also dear Lehzen,—but was* very *glad Lord Melbourne was there, the one whom I look up to as a father, and I was glad he took it with me.*

Dec. 26, 1899, Queen Victoria: *At half past four went to St. George's Hall with all my family including Lenchen, Victoria B and her children, where I gave the wives of the soldiers and their children a tea and Xmas tree. All the women and children trooped in and after looking at the tree, they all sat down to tea at two very long tables, below the tree. Everyone helped to serve them, including my family, old and young, and my ladies and gentlemen. I was rolled up and down round the tables, after which I went away for a short while to have my own tea, returning when the tree was beginning to be stripped, handing myself many of the things to the wives and dear little children, many of whom were very pretty, and mostly very young.*

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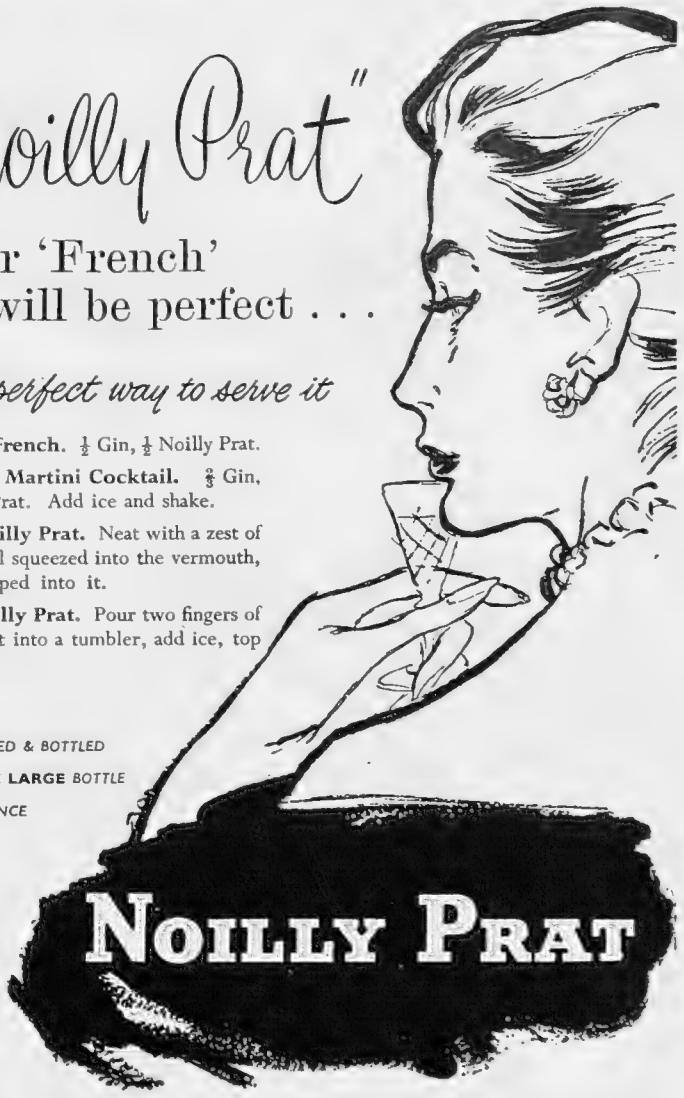

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CHRISTMAS STORMS AND SUNSHINE

(*Continued from p. 48*)

'Oh, Jem!' whispered Mary, 'Hearken, what a piece of work he's making about sausages—I should like to take Mrs. Jenkins up some of mother's; they're twice as good as bought sausages.'

'I see no objection, my dear. Sausages do not involve intimacies, else his politics are what I can no ways respect.'

'But, O Jem, if you had seen her last night about baby! I'm sure she may scold me for ever, and I'll not answer. I'd even make her cat welcome to the sausages.' The tears gathered to Mary's eyes as she kissed her boy.

'Better take 'em upstairs, my dear, and give them to the cat's mistress.' And Jem chuckled at his saying.

Mary put them on a plate, but still she loitered.

'What must I say, Jem! I never know.'

'Say—I hope you'll accept of these sausages, as my mother—no, that's not grammar—say what comes uppermost, Mary, it will be sure to be right.'

So Mary carried them upstairs and knocked at the door; and when told to 'come in,' she looked very red, but went up to Mrs. Jenkins, saying, 'Please, take these. Mother made them,' and was away before an answer could be given.

Just as Hodgson was ready to go to church, Mrs. Jenkins came downstairs, and called Fanny. In a minute the latter entered the Hodgson's room, and delivered Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's compliments, and they would be particular glad if Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson would eat their dinner with them.

'And carry baby upstairs in a shawl, be sure,' added Mrs. Jenkins's voice in the passage, close to the door, whither she had followed her messenger. There was no discussing the matter, with the certainty of every word being overheard.

Mary looked anxiously at her husband. She remembered his saying he did not approve of Mr. Jenkins's politics.

'Do you think it would do for baby?' asked he.

'Oh yes,' answered she, eagerly; 'I would wrap him up so warm.'

'And I've got our room up to sixty-five already, for all it's so frosty,' added the voice outside.

Now, how do you think they settled the matter? The very best way in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins came down into the Hodgsons' room, and dined there. Turkey at the top, roast beef at the bottom, sausages at one side, potatoes at the other. Second course, plum-pudding at the top, and mince-pies at the bottom.

And after dinner, Mrs. Jenkins would have baby on her knee; and he seemed quite to take to her; she declared he was admiring the real lace on her cap, but Mary thought (though she did not say so) that he was pleased by her kind looks, and coaxing words. Then he was wrapped up and carried carefully upstairs to tea, in Mrs. Jenkins's room. And after tea, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mary, and her husband, found out each other's mutual liking for music, and sat singing old glees and catches, till I don't know what o'clock, without one word of politics or newspapers.

Before they parted, Mary had coaxed pussy on to her knee; for Mrs. Jenkins would not part with baby, who was sleeping on her lap.

'When you're busy, bring him to me. Do, now, it will be a real favour. I know you must have a deal to do, with another coming; let him come up to me. I'll take the greatest of cares of him; pretty darling, how sweet he looks when he's asleep.'

When the couples were once more alone, the husbands unburdened their minds to their wives.

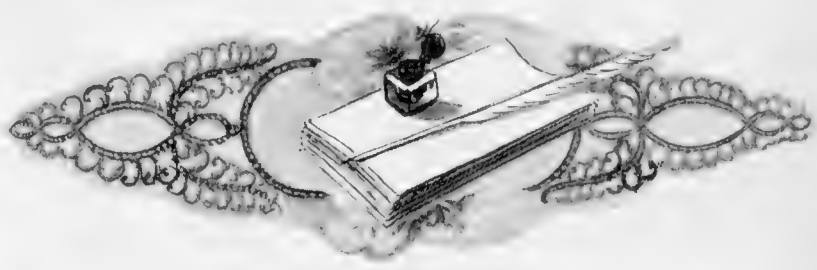
Mr. Jenkins said to his:—'Do you know, Burgess tried to make me believe Hodgson was such a fool as to put paragraphs into the *Examiner* now and then; but I see he knows his place, and has got too much sense to do any such thing.'

Hodgson said—'Mary, love, I almost fancy from Jenkins's way of speaking (so much civiller than I expected), he guesses I wrote that "Pro Bono" and the "Rose-bud,"—at any rate, I've no objection to your naming it, if the subject should come uppermost; I should like him to know I'm a literary man.'

Well! I've ended my tale; I hope you don't think it too long; but, before I go, just let me say one thing.

If any of you have any quarrels, or misunderstandings, or coolnesses, or cold shoulders, or shynesses, or tiffs, or miffs, or huffs, with any one else, just make friends before Christmas—you will be so much merrier if you do.

I ask it of you for the sake of that old angelic song, heard so many years ago by the shepherds, keeping watch by night, on Bethlehem Heights.



POOH-BAH AND PITTI-SING

Rutland Barrington and Jessie Bond as they appeared in the first production of "The Mikado" at the Savoy Theatre on March 14th, 1885. The famous comedian joined the D'Oyly Carte company with George Grossmith and Mrs. Howard Paul in 1877 for the first production of "The Sorcerer." The following production was "H.M.S. Pinafore," which opened in May 1878, and it was in this opera that Jessie Bond—to become one of the most famous Savoyards—made her first appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

THREE SISTERS—THE WARDS OF KO-KO

Sybil Grey as Peep-Bo; Leonora Braham as Yum-Yum; and Jessie Bond as Pitti-Sing. Leonora Braham had been with the company since she played the name part in "Patience."

The First Production of THE MIKADO

"The Mikado," first played before the usual enthusiastic Savoy audience on March 14th, 1885, was to become one of the most famous of the Gilbert and Sullivan-D'Oyly Carte operas. It followed the 150 performances of "The Sorcerer" and ran until January 19th, 1887, after an uninterrupted run of 672 performances, before giving place to "Ruddigore." Gilbert obtained the background for his script from the Japanese Village in Knightsbridge, a small native colony which had been set up so that the visitors could study the strange habits of Western civilisation. Japonnerie had become the fashion and Gilbert, searching for an idea for his next opera and noticing an old Japanese sword which had long been hanging in his own study, was soon busy on his new "book." When production began, members of the village coached the company in correct movements and taught the actresses how to use their fans. The programme carries the following note: "The Management desires to acknowledge the valuable assistance afforded by the Directors and Native Inhabitants of the Japanese Village, Knightsbridge." One of the many "Mikado" anecdotes tells of the Geisha Girl from the village, who instructed the ladies in the art of walking and dancing, and taking tiny steps with the toes turned inwards. She taught them the correct make-up; how to use their fans in anger, joy and respect and the useful art of laughing behind them. All this was conveyed by mime as her only English was the "Sixpence, please" demanded for her cups of tea in Knightsbridge tea shops.

On left: LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER OF TITIPU George Grossmith created the role of Ko-Ko and played it again in the revival in 1888. In 1889, he left the D'Oyly Carte company, in which he had made so resounding a success.

On right: THE PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION It bears on the cover a note which present-day theatre managements might well copy. Attendants are threatened with dismissal if they accept tips, and the programme is free of charge.

Christmas Parties in the Old Days

(*Continued from page* 35)

There was no lack of performers. Ladies of all ages, soprani, mezzo-soprani and contralti, abounded and sang. They sang all sorts of songs. Some obliged with a sentimental ballad, and that was very popular. It mostly concerned some form of misery. It was perhaps a plaint by a child to her Daddy, concerning the Mother who had passed away. It drew attention to the fact that it was the hour of day which Mother loved best, and the child asked that her head should be taken on her Dad's shoulder, because she was tired of her play. She had the decency to remember that he was also tired of his work, which again showed the care and respect that Victorians exhibited to their parents. However, the child, in a morbid mood, was consoled by the fact that she had her father and he had her and so she bade him good night. It was a sure tear jerker. Arch young ladies would sing songs about little Irish girls resisting all the pressing proposals made by the broth of a boy proposing to them until he mentioned that he owned seven pigs—and ended by her falling in his arms and his saying "The little pigs had done it—Och, the dear little girl." Strangely enough, this was always sung by a woman.

Others would speculate on their prospects as a spinster and decide they would have a squirrel in a cage and a little rabbit hutch—which seemed a poor substitute for a husband, but they got their laugh at the end when they declared that when they got really old—"say, twenty-eight or nine"—they would buy a little orphan girl and bring her up as their own. Good clean, wholesome fun and British to the backbone. The contralti either fell back on Gilbert and Sullivan or on the ballad the leading contralto of the day was featuring at the professional ballad concerts. Some of the soprani opted for Gilbert and Sullivan, too—you could not escape those two men. But the level of performance was pretty good and the diction remarkable. The men had a wider range. The tenors had a big choice—they would demand that Maude came into the garden, they would tell tales of Araby, and they would range through the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, in which case they usually met their Waterloo over "Sparkling Eyes," not an easy song at any time.

The baritones were hearty. They sang rousing songs, martial songs, gay, carefree songs—they were Cavaliers toasting their King, they were sea rovers, they were Bedouins singing a love song—so were the tenors, by the way—and they sang of "Thora." There was also a Deathless Army and The Boys of the Old Brigade. The basses varied. They were either dashing, boisterous or depressing. They were also patriotic. They sang about a midshipmite who spiked the Russian guns at Sebastopol and got wounded for his daring—but was saved by a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull—so it was necessary to drink his health, and while doing so to shout "Cheerily my lads, Yoho." There were duets of light-hearted or tender natures — a couple would go Maying and would not be happy at it all the time. And there was usually in the company an old lady, in black silk, lavender apron and lace cap to match, who was prevailed upon to sing—and had indeed been waiting all the evening to do so. She would warble, with natural tremolo, about meeting her darling in the gloaming or describe the Kerry dancing and sit down flushed with triumph to great applause. The instrumentalists are best passed over—for usually their instrument was their master. But the cornet player was a bit of a menace. He thought the whole art was to play as loudly as possible and did so. The reciters could be good—or very bad. It all depended. They nearly always went on too long or lacked dramatic power. Sometimes they had tried to learn a new piece and not succeeded. But "The Ballad of the Clampherdown" done in the style of Lewis Waller—in the style, but not very like—or Tennyson's "The Victim"—as short as dramatic, got them through.

There would be an interval for refreshments. These were served in the dining-room in the manner of a running buffet. You helped yourself. There were mountains of sandwiches, chicken, ham, tongue, beef, egg and cress, paste (usually left and eaten by the servants), sausage rolls, little patties and meat pies, tarts, cakes, some home made and always highly praised, tiny plates of jelly and blancmange—custard in glasses with a tiny macaroon floating on top and just a dash of cinnamon, washed down with tea, coffee, home-made lemonade (never orangeade) and claret cup. There was no ice cream. Hearty appetites were displayed and the comic gentleman began to launch his sallies. He would tell some funny stories, he would have difficulty with his plate of jelly, and the ladies would laugh heartily and exclaim to each other what a funny man he was and that they did not know how he did it. The men were not so enthusiastic. They had to join in the laughter—for courtesy's sake, but they resented this fellow and would mutter among themselves that "So-and-so thinks he's very funny. Don't see anything clever myself in behaving like an ill-mannered clown."

The ladies would retire upstairs, and the host, gathering his men around him with a commanding eye, would tiptoe to the sideboard and produce liquor and siphons. He would serve the drinks surreptitiously and in silence, and there would be a silent toast. There was no need for this secrecy in drinking at all—but it was customary—and it added zest and flavour to the Scotch and soda or the "B. & S." being consumed. The gentlemen seized the opportunity to smoke a cigarette in the dining-room during the absence of the ladies. No ladies smoked in public—few even indulged in private—and there was no smoking in the drawing-room at any time. The ladies, on descending, went straight into the drawing-room and the gentlemen "went upstairs." Their arrival in the drawing-room was usually a bit delayed because the host, who got down first, would, by a jerk of the head, send them into the dining-room again and once more the secret ritual was repeated. The ladies knew what was keeping the gentlemen and glanced at each other, but nothing was ever said.

Then the concert went on—but this time it was the turn of the comic. He had been kept until after the refreshments. He held the floor. He kept on holding the floor. He sang more than once, for now encores were allowed. He would sing the patter songs from the Gilbert and Sullivans with antics of his own which Gilbert would not have passed. He sang about dancing the Polka, he asked Tommy to make room for his Uncle and be a little dear, he would do monologues à la Corney Grain or George Grossmith Senior—he told of a man who had but a single hair on his otherwise bald pate—and he would sing music hall songs, too—proclaiming the fact that if anybody knew a thing or two it was the singer, about a then popular hair restorer called Tatcho, about it being a great big shame, about the Costers' Wedding, and about Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins—and also about the fateful fact that "You 'Ave to 'Ave 'Em Whether You Want' em or Not." This sometimes caused a sensation among the ladies, but they liked it and he would make them join in the chorus. They did so, with a will. The gentlemen refrained and had their thoughts. The generally expressed idea of the ladies was that the "comic" ought to be on the stage. The gentlemen had other ideas as to the most suitable surroundings. But the comic went to all the parties in his neighbourhood because among amateurs as among professionals, comics were in short supply.

The second half had fewer items and there were longer waits between the intervals, because the later it grew, the more frequent were the absences of some of the gentlemen at the unspoken but clear behest of the host. . . .

The clock was at midnight when the accompanist at last played "God Save the Queen," which all sang loyally. Not even the comic was funny then. The hostess exclaimed "Oh, must you really go"—but led the way up to the bonnets and cloaks. The men had another drink. And there was a hot cup of soup for everyone. The departing guests all swore they had had a really good time and when the last cab or hired brougham had rolled away, the tired host and hostess congratulated themselves on a successful evening, and as a rule the lady joined her husband in a pretty stiff nightcap. They felt they had earned it.

And, indeed, a good time had been enjoyed by all. Also, the standard was much higher than the young people of to-day suppose. It was every bit as good as many of the programmes on the B.B.C. . . . It was also a personal effort and therefore much more rewarding than merely twiddling a knob and sitting back. . . .

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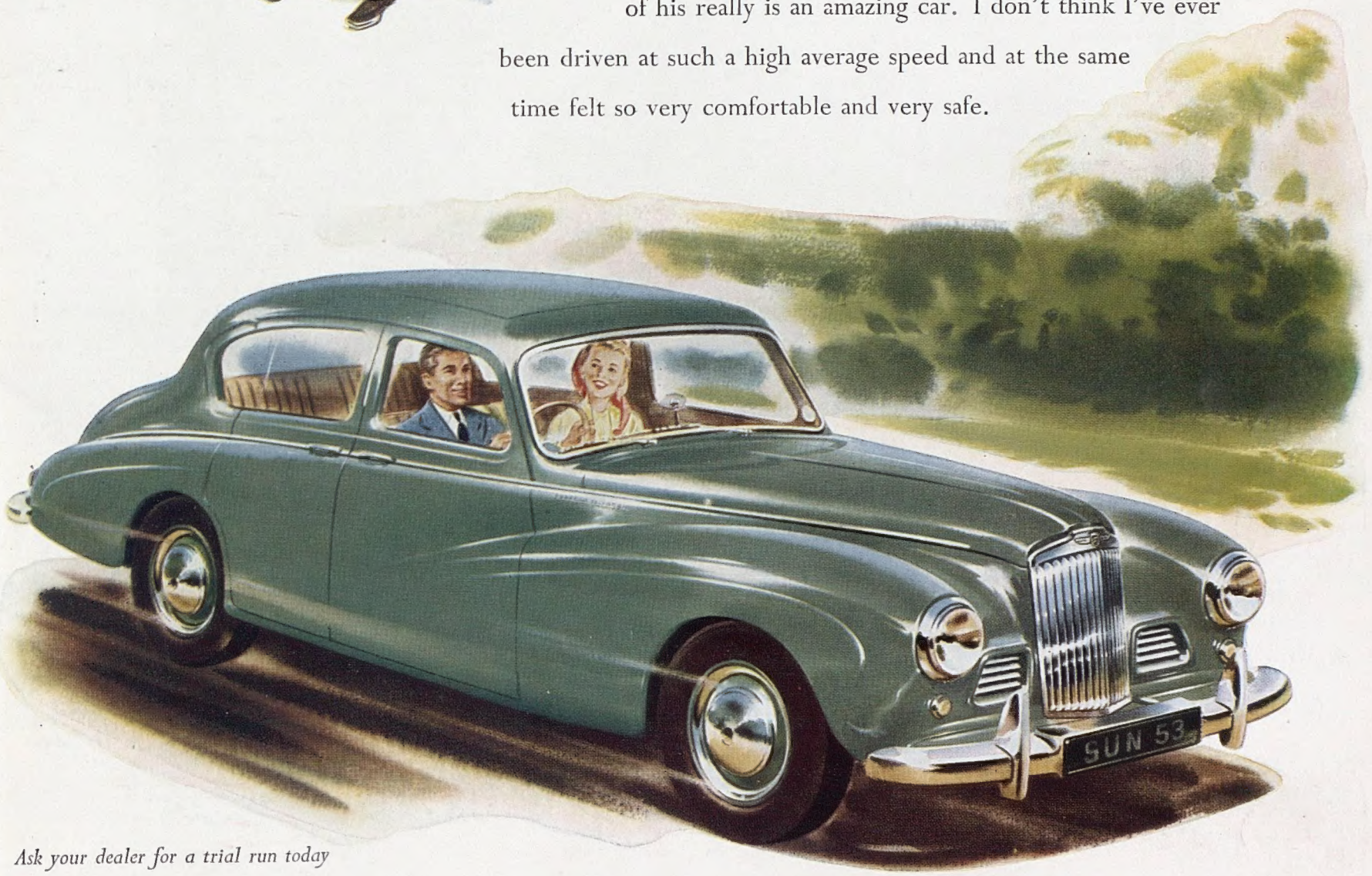

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